I Won My Battle Against CATARRH

Within Twenty-Four Hours
I obtained greater relief than I had ever found in years of search before. Now I am cured, well and absolutely FREE from every trace of that loathsome disease.

After Suffering Years
I conquered the disease that was robbing me of every comfort, every pleasure. I cured myself, I cured my friends in a wonderful, simple, easy way that astonished all who knew me.

I Will Gladly Tell You How FREE!!

I Want All To Know How FREE!!

You Need No Salves, Lotions, Jellies, Sprays or Atomizers; No Greases, Pastes or Ointments; No Plasters, Masks or Bandages; No Baths; No Massage or Electricity; No Smoke to Inhale and Choke You; No Surgery; No Vibration; No Instrument or Appliance; No Pain or Operation. My way is simple, easy, convenient, pleasant, painless, invisible.

If you've got CATARRH get rid of it. Don't let anybody tell you it can't be cured. It CAN be cured. I know it can; I've proved it can. Few people ever had it worse than I did and I am cured. My friends are cured. Write to me, send me your name and let me tell you how. You'll be surprised to learn the simple, easy way it's done. I charge you nothing for this information. I want the whole world to know.

Who Is Sam Katz?

I am not a Doctor. I can't work miracles any more than you can. I haven't any mysterious power over disease. I'm just a plain, common, every day business man, who has found out after a lot of suffering, a simple, easy way to fight Catarrh, a way that cured me, cured my friends and scores of others. I want to tell every Catarrh sufferer in the world how I did it. Write to me,—just send me your name and address on the coupon below, or write me a letter or a post card, and let me tell you, free.

Suite 1325 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. SAM KATZ.

Conquer Your Catarrh Or It May Conquer You

Catarrh Is a Sneak-Thief That May Steal Your Health and Happiness

Do you wake up in the morning with nose clogged up and your throat stopped up with an accumulation of poisonous mucous phlegm? Do you have to "k-a-a-aw-k" and choke and gag and spit after you get up in order to get your head cleared out? If you do, heed that warning. It may not seem important now, but it IS, it IS, it IS. I tell you is IS important. I tell you if I realized this when I first had these early symptoms. I might have saved myself torture, misery, suffering and embarrassment that no words can describe.

If your catarrh has already become worse than this, if you now find yourself hawking and spitting all day long, if you have a bad taste in your mouth, no appetite and a breath that makes people turn away their heads when you go near them, if your hearing is affected, if you have catarrhal headaches, and other advanced symptoms, you may think these are troublesome, but, take it from me, even these symptoms are **nothing** as compared to what catarrh symptoms **can** be when neglected.

I Paid Dearly For Neglect

If you could only know and realize the frightful penalty I paid for neglect of early symptoms you would be mighty busy trying to find something to kill and clean out the millions and billions of germs that are nesting, breeding, feeding, thriving in your nose and throat and filling these parts with their disgusting, poisonous, health-destroying filth.

You know that all day the poisonous catarrhal mucus drops into your throat. You have to spit it up. Now think of what happens at night. Do you think these little gluttons—the catarrh germs—sleep when you sleep, do you think the poisonous mucus all remains in your throat till morning when you wake up and spit it out? Don't fool yourself. A lot of it does collect in your throat, true enough, but a lot of it also gets **Down Your Throat** and **Into Your Stomach.**

No Wonder Suffering Follows

Is it any wonder that people have **Catarrh Of The Stomach, Bowels** and **Other Vital Organs?** Is it any wonder that appetite and digestion fail, that the blood becomes impure, that strength and vitality are lost, that health is ruined and lives are wrecked by the ravages of neglected catarrh?

Let me tell you how I fought catarrh germs every minute of the day and night, fought them while at work, while out in company, while at the theatre and other places of amusement, while awake and asleep, without anyone ever seeing me do it, without anyone ever knowing it, and how I finally conquered the disease and freed myself from its abominable clutches to my own unbounded joy and the surprise of all who knew me.

Catarrh Ruined My Health And Almost Wrecked My Life

Yet I Was Cured By a Wonderfully Simple Means When All Else Failed. I Am Now Free and I Know That Others Can Be Free. Send Me Your Name and Let Me Tell You How

When I noticed the first symptoms of catarrh I paid little attention to them. I used to snuff salt water up my nose and because that would clear out the passages and make breathing easier, I thought I was getting relief. I never thought about it getting worse until folks began to tell me about my awful breath. I began to notice that my head was clogged up nearly ALL the time. Then I began to look around for a remedy. I bought patent medicines, inhalers, syringes and ointments. I used to be squirting dope into my nose all day long. I got relief, but that's all I did get. As soon as I stopped using these things I would be as bad off as before.

My breath was awful. I got so I couldn't eat, nothing tasted good, in fact I just about lost my sense of taste and also my sense of smell. I sniffled and I hawked and I spat continually until I was ashamed, but what could I do? My friends avoided me.

I felt filthy and loathsome. My food would not digest. I was weak, had headaches and was half sick all the time. I was melancholy, had the blues, lost ambition and felt like sneaking off in some obscure corner of the world away from everybody.

I Waited Too Long

I tried first one thing, then another; I read about catarrh in medical books, I tried things that everybody said were good and things nobody else ever heard of. I was desperate. I had to make my living and I realized that unless I found a cure I might soon be unable to work and I certainly had no desire to die in the poorhouse

Then came the happiest day of my life—the day I found the simple, easy, wonderful means by which I was absolutely cured. The very first day I felt that my deliverance was at hand because the effect was absolutely different from anything else I ever used. My new-found method enabled me to fight the disease every minute of the day and night without continually poking and squirting stuff into my nostrils. And O, the relief! The English language has no words that express the joy I felt when folks began to tell me that my breath was not nearly so bad, when I began to enjoy my food again and gain strength.

A Cure At Last

Almost before I realized it my cure was complete. Every symptom of catarrh was gone. My head was clear, there was no more dripping in my throat, no more headaches, no more bad taste, no more bad breath. I felt fine. Everybody said I looked better. I could eat like a truck horse and I got fat and strong again. People began to ask me what it was that worked such a wonderful change in me. I told them and many of them tried my plan with the same wonderful results.

I felt so good I wanted to tell everybody. I have already told thousands and I want to tell YOU. I know you will thank me the longest day you live. I want you to know the simple, easy means I found to cure my catarrh. I want you to send me your name so I can tell you.

I want you to know the indescribable joy that freedom from disgusting catarrh brought me and will bring you. I ask no money for this information—it is FREE—you are welcome to it and I want you to have it. Write me today, fill in the coupon or write me a letter or postcard. Simply say, "Sam Katz. I want to know how you cured your catarrh" and write your name and address.

Catarrh Is More Serious Than Many People Think

Disgusting, Hawking, Spitting and Awful Breath are Not the Worst of It.

Do you realize that Catarrh is really a serious affection? Do you realize that it is perhaps responsible for more ill health than any other one cause? Do you realize that nasal catarrh, which is so common, is only the beginning, only the first mild symptom, a danger signal of threatening trouble ahead?

Do you realize that catarrh of the nose, with its hawking, its spitting and other disagreeable and offensive symptoms may be a forerunner of catarrh of the stomach or bowels?

The constant dripping of mucous into the throat is sure, sooner or later, to interfere with digestion and, by so doing, indirectly affect the bowels and other vital organs, causing many additional symptoms.

I know what catarrh is because I myself have been its victim and I can sympathize with anyone who is now its victim.

Is it any wonder that after suffering its most frightful and disgusting tortures for years, after seeing my friends shun me as they would a leper, after having tried everything under the sun, and wasting money on salves, lotions, inhalers, instruments and devices, electricity and such things, after having been through it from the first mild symptoms to the stage where it undermined my health, destroyed my happiness and made my life miserable, is it any wonder I say, **Is It Any Wonder** that I feel like shouting, yes **Screaming** the glad news of my cure to every Catarrh sufferer in the world, and telling everybody of the simple, easy, painless way in which I was finally cured, after all else failed?

Write To Me, Write To Me, Now, Now, Now, if you suffer from any of the awful, loathsome, disgusting symptoms of Catarrh, and let me tell you free, and without a penny's cost, how I conquered my catarrh, how my friends conquered their catarrh and how hundreds of others I know of accomplished the same glorious result. Just send me this coupon with your name and address or write me a letter or a post card.

FREE! COUPON SEND NOW FREE!

SAM KATZ, Suite AF463
1325 Michigan Avenue,
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE and without cost full details concerning the wonderful way you cured your catarrh.

Name.....

Street or R. F. D. .....

Postoffice ..... State.....

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1916 EIGHTY-FIRST YEAR—NO. 42.

SUBMARINE ACTIVITY CAUSES DISCUSSION

OFFICIALS INSIST ON OBSERVANCE OF NEUTRALITY

United States Assured by Bernstorff Indiscriminate Submarine Warfare Has Not Been Resumed.

Discussion of the German submarine attack on allied shipping just off the American coast held the limelight at Washington last week. Surprised that a U-boat had succeeded in crossing the ocean unobserved by allied warships and then caused so much havoc among shipping in one short day, the government officials began discussing the new menace.

The anxiety was somewhat relieved when Count von Bernstorff, German ambassador, gave assurances that the sinking of several vessels off Nantucket lightship did not mean that indiscriminate submarine warfare had been resumed by Germany. The ambassador laid unusual emphasis on his statement that there would be no recurrence of the U-boat warfare and that Germany did not contemplate in any way violating the pledge made to this country.

Washington expects Germany to try not to blockade American ports with her submarine fleet although it is thought she will continue to operate generally along the regular steamship lanes. An aid to continued amicable relations with Germany was seen in the contents of the United States note to the entente allies, refusing to accept the contention of the latter that submarines should be denied the use of American ports. This note met an issue bound to be troublesome, and officials think the American government evades what might have proved to be a dangerous trap in maintaining the position that international law must be respected by the United States.

No Blockade Allowed.

Not even a seeming blockade of American ports brought about by operations of belligerent submarines will be submitted to by this government. The situation was somewhat relieved in the middle of the week when Ambassador Bernstorff notified President Wilson that his information indicated that no further merchantmen would be sunk by German submarines on the United States side of the Atlantic; that all pledges given the United States had been observed by U-boat commanders; and that all future submarine operations would be conducted in conformity with the assurances hitherto given. In reply to the Teuton diplomat, President Wilson expressed regret that the submarine campaign had been extended to the Unite States side of the Atlantic; declared that the sinking of the ships in close proximity to the American coast necessarily created a bad impression in the United States; and announced that he would investigate, and if such investigation should establish failure to observe recognized principles of international law he would hold the Berlin government to "the complete fulfillment of its promises to this government."

Every effort is being made by Washington to protect American neutrality since the scene of war has been brought close to our shores.

This neutrality was endangered by the reports of the presence of belligerent warships in the vicinity of the American shore, that a base had been established on the New England coast and that wireless plants were being operated in violation of this nation's neutrality.

Toward the close of the week the navy department was aroused by the reports brought in by ships completing the voyage across the Atlantic that strange submarines were seen coming toward the coast and that a fleet of British destroyers and crusiers were off the coast. At the same time Admiral Mayo, in command of the Atlantic fleet, announced to the navy department that he had ordered a survey of the New England coast for investigating the reports of the naval base. A torpedo boat patrol, charged with the double duty of enforcing neutrality observance and saving lives in event of further submarine raids on shipping near the coast, was put in effect from Bar Harbor, Maine, to New York.

Take Your Time, I'll Be Back to Sink You

Accommodating Submarine Captain Yells This to Knudsen.

Gustav Aamodt, steward of the Norwegian tanker, Christian Knudsen, which was sunk by the U-53, says Captain Lieutenant Hans Rose of the U-boat is a "good fellow." He tells this story:

"The U-53 held up the Knudsen 13 miles west of Nantucket lightship. The submarine captain said:

"'Now, take your time. We are going away for a while to sink a British ship (the West Point.) Lower your boats, put everything in them that you want to and stand off out of range. We will come back and after we sink your ship we'll tow you to the lightship.'"

The Knudsen's crew did as they were told, rowed about a mile away, witnessed the destruction of their ship and waited an hour. Just as they neared the lightship the submarine bobbed up. The commander shouted:

"Why didn't you wait? We should have taken you here. Well, you're all right now. Goodnight!"

FARMERS ADMIT BEING FLEECED BY SWINDLERS

TELL UNITED STATES HOW PRETENDED FEDERAL LOAN AGENTS "TOUCHED" THEM.

The federal farm loan board's warning to farmers against swindlers seeking to profit by organization of land banks has begun to bring in many reports of victims. The board recently announced that it would refuse charters to any banks in whose organization money had gone for promotion purposes.

Jacob J. Blumer of Benchland, Montana, wrote to the board that an agent of a promotion concern pretended to have been employed by the government and got from him a $250 check for 10 shares of stock and that he later received notice to pay $750 more.

The board issued this supplemental warning:

"Farmers who borrow through the national farm loan associations are not required to pay any advance commissions. So all of these enterprises requiring payments from farmers, are declared by the board to be fraudulent and the attention of the department of justice has been called to the matter and an attempt will be made to bring the offenders to justice."

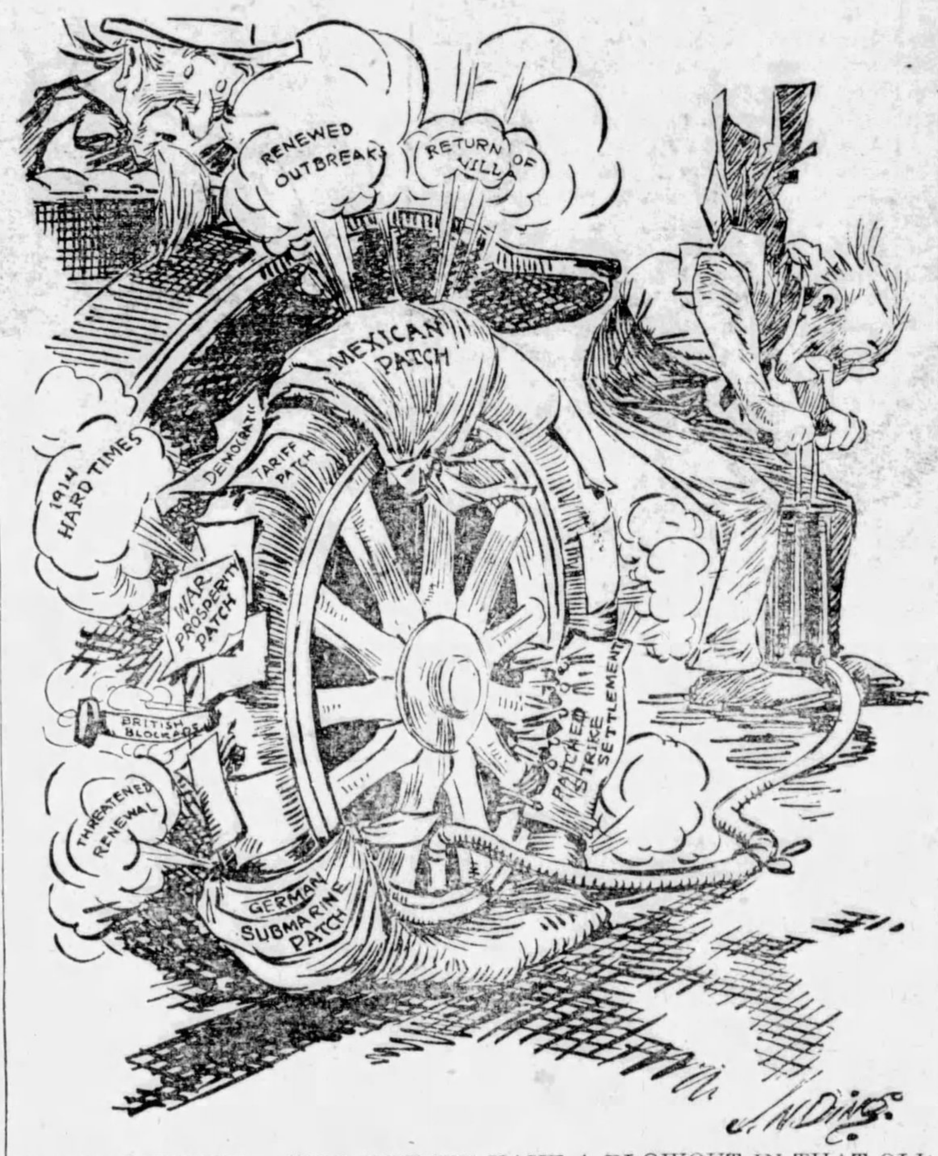
FRENCH PRESS CRITICIZES WILSON U-BOAT POLICY

French newspapers continue to criticize President Wilson very bitterly because of the refusal to bar German submarines from United States waters.

The Echo de Paris, in one issue stated that the American President has "abrogated the Monroe Doctrine by allowing German submarines to torpedo ships off the American coast."

THE PATCHED TIRE

—Darling, in Des Moines Register and Leader.



THE PASSENGER: "I'LL BET WE HAVE A BLOWOUT IN THAT OLD TIRE IF WE TRY TO MAKE IT RUN ANOTHER FOUR YEARS!"

PEACE ON OLD BASIS, IS PLEA

Socialist in Reichstag Says Chances for Peace Poor, but All Nations Want It.

"What is French shall stay French; what is Belgian shall stay Belgian, and what is German shall stay German; that is the main basis upon which the coming peace shall be constructed."

In the broadest speech dealing with peace delivered in the Reichstag since the outbreak of the war, August Scheidemann, powerful Socialist leader, made the above statement last week, continuing:

"The chances for peace are poor today. Since Briand and Lloyd-George talk war to the bitter end, the chancellor is unable to talk peace. But we are free to do so. All the nations want peace. If the contrary is said in any country, then it is absolutely a swindle."

Herr Scheidemann added that "bread in England today is dearer than it is with us," and that more than one million English school children are underfed.

The French censors are keeping the French people in ignorance of the fact that they can have peace with France, as well as Belgian soil freed of Germans, without shedding another drop of blood, he said.

VILLA PROMISES TO "COME BACK"

Bandit Chief Soon to Take the Field at Head of New Revolutionary Force.

Francisco Villa, Mexican military genius or outlaw, according to the varying tides of fortune, is about to become into his own again.

Reports reaching Washington from unimpeachable sources declare that, as a result of negotiations in progress between Villa, for whose capture the United States has already spent more more than $100,000,000 to no purpose, and the Cientifico leaders on the border, the former chief will take the field as the commanding general in the new movement to oust Carranza.

Villa's adherence to the new revolutionary movement, which has been carefully, though quietly, engineered by the erstwhile unpopular Cinetificos, was brought about through the good offices of one Dr. Romanoff, an Austrian soldier of fortune, who has been with the former leader ever since the Columbus raid. Dr. Romanoff has just returned to Villa's headquarters at Cusi, some 35 miles southwest of Chihuahua City.

In his recent conferences with Cientifico leaders in northern Mexico and El Paso, Dr. Romanoff was able to make these definite promises in behalf of Villa:

1. Villa is absolutely without political ambitions.
2. His sole desire now is to drive Carranza from power, and, this accomplished, he agrees voluntarily to leave Mexico himself.
3. He promises, in support of the new movement, to take the field with 3,000 picked men, fully equipped.

BOYS OUT OF MEXICAN TRENCHES BY XMAS

The first definite information that the American troops are to be withdrawn from Mexico and the national guard from the border in the near future came from the war department last week when it was explained that no provision had been made for keeping the troops there during the cold weather.

The question of making advance preparations for a winter sojourn came up for consideration and was set aside on report that these arrangements were unnecessary.

The approach of winter weather, it is explained, limits the stay of the troops until the middle of December at the latest. The provision for establishing winter quarters must be taken well in advance, it is explained, and present arrangements are to make no such provision.

WANTS TO CLOSE PORTS TO FOREIGN WAR VESSELS

The joint state and navy neutrality board has submitted to the state department its report and recommendations concerning submarine warfare off the American coast.

It is understood that the findings of the board are unfavorable to a continuance by Germany of activities similar to those off Nantucket lightship on October 8, when the U-53 sank five merchant vessels.

It was said that the neutrality board declared such operations in close proximity to American shores constituted a nuisance, which should be abated, and in that view the United States should refeuse hospitality to all belligerent war vessels.

The board found, it was stated, that belligerent operations close to American shore were obnoxious, and that the United States had the right to consider them as a nuisance.

Being a nuisance, "committed at our doors," it was asserted, such operations would come within the purview of municipal regulations.

The board is said to have recommended that the state department notify the government of the Netherlands at the Hague of any change in this country's regulations affecting hospitality to belligerent war vessels, in accordance with convention XIII., Article 27, of The Hague Conventions.

Some authorities were of the opinion that as the United States merely gave its adhesion to that convention, the notification to The Hague called for is not of treaty force. This government, it was stated, would informally notify the belligerents' diplomatic representatives in Washington of any change in this country's regulations relating to belligerent war ships in American waters.

U. S. NOTE TO ALLIES REFUSES SUBMARINE BAN

Government Gives Opinion to Entente on Treatment of Belligerent U-Boats in Neutral Ports.

The text of the American memorandum replying to that of the allied governments regarding treatment of belligerent submarines in neutral ports, is as follows:

The government of the United State has received the identical memoranda of the government of France, Great Britain, Russia and Japan, in which neutral governments are exhorted to take efficacious measures tending to prevent belligerent submarines, regardless of their use, to avail themselves of neutral waters, roadsteads and harbors. These governments point out the facility possessed by such craft to avoid supervision or surveillance or determination of their national character, and their power "to do injury that is inherent in their very nature," as well as the "additional facilities" afforded by having at their disposal places where they can rest and replenish their supplies.

Allied Request Surprising.

Apparently on these grounds, the allied governments hold that submarine vessels must be excluded from the benefit of the rules heretofore accepted under international law regarding the admission and sojourn of war and merchant vessels in neutral waters, roadsteads or harbors; that any submarine of a belligerent that once entered a neutral harbor must be held there, and, therefore, the allied governments "warn neutral powers of the great danger to neutral submarines attending the navigation of waters visited by the submarines of belligerents."

In reply, the government of the United States must express its surprise that there appears to be an endeavor of the allied powers to determine the rule of action governing what they regard as a "novel situation" in respect to the use of submarines in time of war, and to enforce acceptance to that rule, at least in part, by warning neutral powers of the great danger to their submarines in waters that they may be visited by belligerent submarines.

Arguments Not Sustained.

In the opinion of the government of the United States, the allied powers have not set forth any circumstance, nor is the government of the United States aware of any circumstance concerning the use of war or merchant submarines which would render the existing rules of international law applicable to them.

In view of this fact and of the notice and warning of the allied powers, announced in their memoranda under acknowledgment, it is incumbent upon the government of the United States to notify the governments of France, Great Britain, Russia and Japan that, so far as the treatment of either war or merchant submarines in American waters is concerned, the government of the United States reserves its liberty of action in all respects, and will treat such vessels as, in its opinion, becomes the action of a power which may be said to have taken the first step toward establishing the principles of neutrality and which for over a century has maintained those principles in the traditional spirit and with the high sense of impartiality in which they were conceived.

Hurry Seized Mail.

Radical changes in the treatment of mails on neutral ships are promised in the reply of the British and French government to the American protests against interference with mails. The changes, while short of an abandonment of the contention of the right to search for information of value to an enemy, are regarded by the allies as sufficient to meet the wishes of the United States.

Great Britain and France contend they have a right to seize and open all mail passing through their ports, but give pledges that all mail will be expedited hereafter, it was learned in official circles.

U. S. Aviator Wounded.

Norman Prince of Boston, sergeant-major in the Franco-American aviation corps who recently was decorated for distinguished services, has been wounded. Both Prince's legs are broken, but his condition is reported satisfactory.

God's Country and The Woman—Page Six

GOOD FICTION ADDS ZEST TO REAL LIFE

The Son of Tarzan Page Three

HIGH SPOTS IN THE NATIONAL CAMPAIGN

HUGHES SAYS WILSON'S WAY CHOKES TRADE

Republican Candidate Calls Present Washington Diplomacy Dollarless and Senseless.

At Baltimore, later in West Virginia, and again in Kentucky, Charles E. Hughes, in his campaign tour of the past week, assailed the Washington administration.

"Dr. Eliot pierces the heart of the matter," Mr. Hughes said, "and he finds that the record of the administration means: 'No intervention by force of arms to protect on foreign soil American commercial and manufacturing adventurers who, of their own free will, have invested their money or risked their lives in foreign parts under alien jurisdiction.'

"Think of the import of that, you who represent the best genius of the world and are thinking of using it abroad. Think of that, you, who it is suggested are to be asked to finance the chief undertakings of the world. Think, of that, you who in serving the world, take your place remote from your friends and safeguards, in communities where revolutions are frequent and only the respect for your flag and the power it symbolizes may stand between you and ruin or even death."

"Dollar diplomacy," Mr. Hughes said, was what "encouragement to the development of American interests abroad was dubbed—something shockingly reprehensible."

"In consequence, I may say," the nominee added, "that in respect to American interests abroad we have had not only diplomacy without dollars, but diplomacy without sense.

"We hear fine words as to our duties to the world, but what avail such words when we do not protect American lives and American property abroad? This is the cornerstone of a policy to promote American enterprise throughout the world. This protection has been deliberately and deplorably refused.

"If you want to have a concrete example look at Mexico. What right had this administration to change American policy as to the protection of American citizens? Was their platform molasses to catch flies, otherwise known as American investors? Have they had any mandate from the American people to withhold protection abroad?

"I have been asked what I would do with respect to Mexico if I am elected president. Now, no man on earth can tell what sort of mess we will find in Mexico next March. But there are certain principles to which we can adhere. If entrusted with executive ability, I purpose to adhere to them.

"The first principle is that we will not meddle with things that do not concern us.

"The second is that we will not merely talk about the rights of small states, but we will observe them.

"The third is that it shall be understood that at all events the lives and property of American citizens will be protected throughout the world.

"We are desirous—no one more than I—of aiding and maintaining the peace of the world, but I believe it to be a mistake to suppose that an adequate policy of protection to the known rights of American citizens is likely to necessitate the use of force.

"It is idle to expect that American enterprise will trust a policy which invites the destruction of life and property by advance notice that no effective means will be taken to prevent it."

At Clarksburg, W. Va., Mr. Hughes said: "I stand for American rights throughout the world without fear or favor. I have no understanding, no agreements, no intrigues with any body, but I stand for the interests of the United States and the protection of American lives. American property and American commerce throughout the world.

"There is only one way for this country to have permanent peace, and that is to stand firmly for your honor and your just rights. I stand here to say that nothing at this time is more important than to maintain the dignity of American citizenship and to show to all that we propose to maintain our peace and security by firmly demanding recognition of all our known rights."

In Kentucky Mr. Hughes invaded the so-called "feud and moonshine belt." A big barbecue was held in Pikesville, where 4,000 pounds of beef were consumed. It was the Republican candidate's task to enthuse 10,000 normally non-voting mountaineers that they would go to the polls on election day.

Democrats Seek Hyphen Vote.

Victor Ridder, of the New York Staats Zeitung, in a signed statement, denies a story made public by Norman Hapgood, of the Wilson Independent league to the effect that Mr. Ridder had told State Senator Kent E. Keller of Illinois, that he had written a campaign speech for Mr. Hughes, attacking England, in order to hold the German vote.

Mr. Ridder says there was a meeting between himself and Senator Keller, but that, knowing Mr. Keller, he had witnesses present, and he has the written statement of one of these witnesses, Henry Abeles of New York, that no such remarks as are credited to him by Keller and Hapgood were made.

Instead, he says Keller was endeavoring to persuade Mr. Ridder to call on President Wilson at the White House, and assured Mr. Ridder that Mr. Wilson "can convince you, in the course of an hour or two, that he is friendly to Germany."

Mr. Ridder then explains what he calls the efforts of the Wilson administration to curry favor secretly with the German-American voters whom Mr. Wilson publicly brands as disloyal.

He says that Mr. Abeles happened to be present at the meeting with Mr. Keller, having called as the bearer of an invitation from Senator Stone, chairman of the foreign relations committee of the senate, to discuss the questions of the campaign at a gathering of influential German-Americans to be arranged at Terrace Garden that evening.

"I declined the invitation," he adds, "and Mr. Abeles immediately called up Senator Stone from the Staats-Zeitung office and told him that I had declined. Senator Stone then spoke to me, saying that he would regard it as a personal favor not only to come myself, but also to bring influential German-Americans with me.

"Under the circumstances I felt that we should at least hear what Senator Stone had to say and so a number of us gathered at Terrace Garden for dinner at 8 o'clock an September 16 as the guests of Mr. Abeles.

"Senator Stone used all his well known powers of persuasion to convince us that the apparent anti-German-American policies of the Wilson administration were only for public consumption and that privately they were ready to work hand in glove with the German-American leaders.

"Can anything be more humiliating than the spectacle of the chairman of the foreign relations committee of the senate gumshoeing in a small room and bartering for the votes which he at Shadow Lawn and in his speech of acceptance, had repudiated.

"Hardly 10 days passed by when the second emissary of President Wilson appeared in New York City. This time the messenger was a cabinet minister, Albert Burleson, postmaster general. Be it said to the credit of the gentlemen invited that they declined to have any dealings in the subterranean political diplomacy."

Wilson on Sectionalism.

President Wilson was at Indianapolis last week to address meetings of good roads advocates and farmers. In one he scored the Republicans for making the charge that the Democratic party is a sectional party. In the other he discussed the works of the Democratic administration for the farmers of the nation.

In his good roads address, Mr. Wilson said: "I need not tell you that I did not come here to talk politics, but there is only one thing pertinent in this connection which I cannot deny myself the privilege of saying. Any man who revives the issue of sectionalism in this country is unworthy of the confidence of the nation. He shows himself a provincial, he shows that he himself does not know the various sections of his own country; he shows that he has shut his own heart up in a little province, and that those who do not seek the special interests of that province are to him sectional, while he alone is national. That is the depth of anti-patriotic feeling."

Women Work for Hughes.

"Women for women, and therefore not for Wilson," is the substance of an appeal which is to be placed as far as possible, before every one of the 4,000,000 voting women of the west.

The sending out of this appeal was decided on at a conference of officials of the Congressional Union for Women Suffrage. It is signed by Miss Alice Paul, national chairman. It presents the "call of the unenfranchised women in 36 states to the voting women of the 12 western equal suffrage states."

"One hundred women in the west who can vote," is says, "have more political strength than 10,000 in the east."

It then calls on the women with votes to "help win political liberty for all American women by voting against Mr. Wilson and the Democratic candidates for congress." It It will supplant an appeal sent to the western women voters a few days ago by Miss Anne Martin, national chairman of the Woman's party.

TO JAIL FOR PREDICTING KAISER'S EXIT BY U-BOAT

A man has been put in jail by a court martial at Strasburg for saying that the submarines of the Deutschland type were built only for the purpose of giving the kaiser and the crown prince an opportunity of fleeing to the United States.

"HE KEPT US OUT OF WAR"

Darling in Des Moines Register and Leader.

SHORT ENDS OF NEWS

Henry R. Pattengill, Progressive candidate for governor of Michigan, has requested to have his name removed from the election ballot. He received the only vote cast for governor on the Progressive ticket.

Englishmen see a more drastic application of conscription in England in Lloyd-George's speech last week in the house of commons. The war secretary's words are believed to show that no time will be lost in raising the 1,000,000 more men the government thinks is necessary to continue the war successfully.

Rev. I. R. Hicks, editor and publisher of an almanac bearing his name, and widely known for his weather predictions, died in St. Louis on Oct. 13, of pneumonia. Hicks claims to have forecasted many storm disasters of recent years.

Captain Paul Koenig of the German submarine Deutschland is said to have declared he was busy preparing for a second trip across the ocean when he replied to a telegram of congratulations from his native town on his voyage to the United States.

Secretary of Navy Josephus Daniels is making a trip to deliver political addresses in Indiana, Kentucky, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas.

Former King Otto of Bavaria, who has been insane many years, died suddenly at Fuerstenried castle, near Munich, where he has been confined since 1873.

James W. Gerard, ambassador to Germany, arrived in New York last week. He was silent as to whether he was returning on a peace mission from the German emperor.

Allied aviators raided Stuttgart last week, dropping many bombs on the town.

Bayonne, N. J., was the scene of violence last week by strikers of the Tidewater Oil Co. Much rioting was done by the 1,000 strikers.

One of the largest warships in the Austrian navy has blown up at Pola, but the dispatches did not know the cause of the explosion.

About 250 persons, 200 of them women and children, have been killed or wounded by German aircraft in bombardments of Bucharest. The attacks continued during both night and day.

Mrs. Cecil Mattoon, wife of a prominent cotton grower near Oklahoma City, Okla., was shot last week while standing near a window trying to identify members of a band of masked night raiders that had attacked her home.

Another new Greek cabinet was formed last week, Prof. S. Lambros being premier and minister of public instruction.

Fire of unknown origin swept through the main hall of the University of Wisconsin last week and destroyed it. Fifteen hundred students fled from the class rooms, many having narrow escapes from death or serious injury.

Two German submarines were sunk by a Russian torpedo boat after the submersibles had attacked the Russian wireless station at Sepnavolak on the Murman coast.

Hughes Strength Shown in Figures

With the presidential election near the managers of the two parties have settled down to fighting in the crucial states. These are the states which either Wilson or Hughes must carry in order to gain the presidency. They are included among the so-called doubtful states, which in the past were never surely Democratic or Republican, and which now appear as uncertain as in the past.

There are 531 votes in the electoral college, a total of 266 being needed for a victory. At present 21 states with a total of 210 electoral votes are counted safely for Hughes, and 13 states with a total of 149 votes are counted safely for Wilson. Fourteen states with 172 votes are placed in the doubtful column. Hughes must get only 56 of the 172 doubtful votes to win, while Wilson must get 117. Glancing at the list of states you will see that Hughes, if he retains his strength in those states now conceded to him, needs only to win in New York and any other state with 11 electoral votes in order to beat Wilson.

Hughes States.

VOTES.

Maine	6	Minnesota	12
New Hampshire	4	North Dakota	5
Vermont	4	South Dakota	5
Massachusetts	18	Kansas	10
Connecticut	7	Wyoming	3
Rhode Island	5	Idaho	4
Pennsylvania	38	Utah	4
Delaware	3	Washington	7
Michigan	15	Oregon	5
Illinois	29	California	13
Iowa	13		

Wilson States.

Virginia	12	Mississippi	10
Kentucky	13	Louisiana	10
North Carolina	12	Oklahoma	10
South Carolina	9	Arkansas	9
Georgia	14	Tennessee	12
Alabama	12	Texas	20
Florida	6		

Doubtful States.

New York	45	Nebraska	8
New Jersey	14	Colorado	6
Maryland	8	New Mexico	
West Virginia	8	Arizona	
Ohio	24	Montana	
Indiana	15	Wisconsin	13
Missouri	18	Nevada	3

SAYS THAT IT'S NO TIME FOR COMPROMISE PEACE

PREMIER ASQUITH DECRIES PATCHED UP SETTLEMENT TO HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"This is no time for faltering counsel or wavering purpose," said Premier Asquith in addressing the house of commons last week. "This war cannot be allowed to end in some patched-up, precarious and dishonoring compromise masquerading under the name of peace.

"No one desires to prolong for a single moment longer than is necessary the tragic spectacle of bloodshed and destruction. But we owe it to those who have given their lives that their supreme sacrifices shall not have been unavailing.

"The ends of the allies are well known. They have been frequently stated. They are not selfish, they are not vindictive, but they require adequate security for the future."

The house cheered the premier loudly as he made these remarks in concluding his address, after moving a vote of credit for £300,000,000.

COMMITS SUICIDE BECAUSE HE RESEMBLES A "COMIC"

Because, friends say, he believed the "funny" sections of Sunday newspapers were making him a subject of ridicule and that persons were deriding him because of resemblance to a funny page character, Charles Marila, 25 years old, a Minnesota miner, unmarried, committed suicide by blowing himself up with dynamite.

WILSON SELECTS SEVEN MEN FOR DEFENSE BOARD

Daniel Willard and Samuel Gompers, Two Members of Advisory Commission, to Study Military Needs.

President Wilson has announced the appointment of an advisory commission to be associated with the council of national defense.

The members of the new body are:

DANIEL WILLARD, president of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad.

SAMUEL GOMPERS, president of the American Federation of Labor.

DR. FRANKLIN H. MARTIN of Chicago.

HOWARD E. COFFIN of Detroit.

BERNARD BARUCH of New York.

DR. HOLLIS GODFREY of Philadelphia.

JULIUS ROSENWALD of Chicago.

A provision creating the council of national defense was included in the army appropriation bill passed recently by congress. The President authorized the following statement in explanation of the purpose of the council and the duties to be performed by the commission named to serve in an advisory capacity:

"The council of national defense has been created because the congress has realized that the country is best prepared for war when thoroughly prepared for peace. From an economic point of view there is now very little difference between the machinery required for military purposes. In both cases the whole industrial mechanism must be organized in the most effective way. Upon this conception of the national welfare the council is organized, in the words of the act, for 'the creation of relations which will render possible in time of need the immediate concentration and utilization of the resources of the nation.'

New Channel Opened.

"The organization of the council likewise opens up a new direct channel of communication and co-operation between business and scientific men and all departments of the government, and it is hoped it will, in addition, become a rallying point for civic bodies working for the national defense.

"The council's chief functions are:

1.—The co-ordination of all forms of transportation and the development of means of transportation to meet the military, industrial and commercial needs of the nation.

2.—The extension of the industrial mobilization work of the committee on industrial preparedness of the naval consulting board. Complete information as to our present manufacturing and producing facilities adaptable to many sided uses of modern warfare will be procured, analyzed and made use of.

"One of the objects of the council will be to inform American manufacturers as to the part which they can and must play in a national emergency. It is empowered to establish at once and maintain through subordinate bodies of specially qualified persons an auxiliary organization composed of men of the best creative and administrative capacity, capable of mobilizing to the utmost the resources of the country."

Baseball Title Is Won by Boston

The 1916 world's baseball team is the Boston American league aggregation, managed by Bill Carrigan. They won the flag by defeating the Brooklyn Nationals, led by Manager Wilbert Robinson, in four out of five games. The first two games went to Boston, Brooklyn won the third and the Red Sox finished the series by taking the next two games. The first and second games, on October 7 and 9, went to Boston by the close scores of 6 to 5 and 2 to 1; Brooklyn won the third fray, 4 to 3, while Boston took the last two by the scores of 6 to 2 and 4 to 1.

Total attendance for the five games was 167,859 and the receipts were $385,-550.50. Of this the national commission received $38,559.05, each club got $23,-139.92 and the players received $154,227.95. The 26 Boston players each received $3,759.86, and each of the Brooklyn players got $2,833.47.

The first three games were all close, with but little to choose between the two teams, though Boston seemed to have a punch that the Dodgers lacked. The final two games were easily won by the Red Sox. Score by innings for the last three games is as follows:

Third game, at Brooklyn:

										R.	H.	E.
Boston	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	3	7	1
Brooklyn	0	0	1	1	2	0	0	0	x	4	10	0

Batteries—Mays, Foster and Thomas; Coombs, Pfeffer and Miller.

Fourth game, at Brooklyn:

										R.	H.	E.
Boston	0	3	0	1	1	0	1	0	0	6	10	1
Brooklyn	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	4

Batteries—Leonard and Carrigan; Marquard, Cheney, Rucker and Meyers.

Fifth game, at Boston:

										R.	H.	E.
Brooklyn	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	3
Boston	0	1	2	0	1	0	0	0	x	4	7	2

Batteries—Pfeffer, Dell and Meyers; Shore and Cady.

DAINTY AND SWEET ARE CUTICURA GIRLS

BECAUSE OF CLEAR FRESH COMPLEXIONS

Live, glossy hair and soft, white hands, kept so by daily use of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment now and then. Absolutely nothing better.

Sample Each Free by Mail
With 32-p. book on the skin. Address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. 6F, Boston." Sold everywhere.

PROTEST GRANTS MADE TO AMERICA

Russia and Japan Charge China Violated Pledge in Railroad Concessions.

Japan and Russia have entered protests against concessions for railway and canal construction in China which have been granted to Americans.

Prince Nicholas Koudacheff, the Russian minister to China, lodged a protest at the Chinese foreign office against the proposed American railroad from Feng-Cheng, Shansi province, to Lanchow-Fu, in Kansu province, alleging that the Chinese minister in Petrograd promised verbally 18 years ago that Russia should have the privilege of building railways in the vicinity of Mongolia.

The disputed line was to run for a distance of approximately 400 miles. The agreement entered into between the Siems-Carey Co. of St. Paul with the Chinese government empowers the American company to construct equal mileage elsewhere if the protest holds. Gonsuke Hayashi, the Japanese minister to China, protested to the foreign office against this agreement.

The Japanese claim, by reason of their conquest of the province of Shantung, all the rights heretofore held by Germany in the development of that Chinese province. The Chinese government contends that Germany must be defeated before such a claim will hold good.

RELIEVE HEADACHES WITHOUT DOSING

By Applying Sloan's Liniment to Forhead You Can Stop the Severe Pains.

Many headaches are of a neuralgic origin. The symptoms of such headaches are intense and lingering pains in the brow, temples or back of the head.

There is one certain relief that has been known and recommended for years back, Sloan's Liniment. One application and the dull pain is practically gone. It is easily applied without rubbing. Rubbing is unnecessary, as Sloan's Liniment quickly penetrates to the seat of trouble.

Aching muscles, rheumatism, bruises, lumbago, chilblains, sprains and stiff neck can also be most effectively treated with Sloan's Liniment. Cleaner than mussy plasters or ointments; it does not stain the skin or clog the pores.

At all drug stores. 25c, 50c, $1.00.

Sloan's Liniment
KILLS PAIN

CLASSIFIED OPPORTUNITIES

FOR READERS OF THE TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

Go over them each week and write to advertisers whose proposition interests you. Say you saw the ad in the TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE.

Over One Million Persons See These Little Ads Every Week.

CHARGE FOR SPACE—75 cents per agate line (count six words to a line). Send cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines nor more than forty-two lines. Advertisements that reach us Tuesday morning will appear in issue of that week.

Only Reliable Advertisements Printed.

MALE HELP WANTED.

Motormen, Conductors, $80 monthly. Interurbans everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Qualify now; state age; booklet free. Address Box K-146, care Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

No strike. 8-hour day. Men everywhere. Firemen, brakemen, baggagemen, $120. Colored porters. Experience unnecessary. 707, Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

Make Large Annual Income with a small mail order business; send for our free booklet; tells how. Niagara, Box 668, Lockport, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

Ladies to sew at home for a large Phila. firm; good pay, nice work; no canvassing; send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 25, Walnut st., Phila., Pa.

Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers; $25 to $50 per week; railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 61, Omaha, Neb.

AGENTS.

Every home on farm, in small town or suburb needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin kerosene (coal oil) mantle lamp; five times as bright as electric. Tested and recommended by government and 34 leading universities. Awarded gold medal. One farmer cleared over $500 in 6 weeks. Hundreds with rigs or autos earning $100 to $300 per month. NO CAPITAL REQUIRED; WE FURNISH GOODS to reliable men. Write quick for sample lamp for free trial, distributor's proposition and secure appointment in exclusive territory. MANTLE LAMP CO., 643 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Agents—Make a dollar an hour instead of a dollar a day. Sell Mendets, the famous patent patch for instantly mending leaks in graniteware, tin, brass, copper utensils and rubber goods without heat, solder, cement or rivet. Sample package and handsome catalogue of fast selling specialties free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 710 B, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Agents to travel by automobile to introduce our 250 fast selling, popular priced household necessities. The greatest line on earth. Make $10 a day. Complete outfit and automobile furnished free to workers. Write today for exclusive territory. American Products Co., 9871, 3rd st., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Earn $50 to $100 monthly distributing Parker hosiery to repeat customers in home town at mill prices; all or spare time. Protected territory. Credit. S. Parker Mills, 2737 No. 12th st., Phila., Pa.

Large manufacturer wants representatives to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 586 Broadway, New York City.

HELP WANTED.

Wanted—Men; railway train service means big money and steady work. Let us help you get on any road you wish; hundreds placed. No experience necessary. Great opportunity now. Inter Railway, Dept. 100, Indianapolis, Ind.

Wanted—Men and women, 18 or over, as government railway mail clerks, city carriers, clerks at Washington; $75.00 month. Write for list of positions obtainable. Franklin Institute, Dept. P-31, Rochester, N. Y.

$25 weekly collecting names and addresses. Send stamp. Superba Co., W. 57, Baltimore, Md.

SALESMEN WANTED.

Salesmen selling restaurant, hotel, cafe, cigar, pool, drug, general store trade can do big business with our new live pocket side line. All merchants, towns 100,000 and under, want it; $5.00 commission each sale. No collecting. No expenses or risk to merchant. We take back all unsold goods. Canfield Mfg. Co., 208 Sigel st., Chicago, Ill.

BELGIAN HARES.

All-express prepaid and each Belgian Hare guaranteed to please you. That's Coffman service. Coffman Rabbitries, Div. T, Wheatridge, Colorado.

FINANCIAL OPPORTUNITIES.

Mining—We are actual mine owners operating our own properties. We developed the Nevada Packard, now ready to pay dividends. We are now developing the Wedge Copper, already shipping ore. We will soon undertake the development of a third property. We act as an association. We have 470 members. Write for our prospectus giving our plan of business; it is new. MARK WALSER, President, WEDGE COPPER MINING CO., 102 Herz Building, Reno, Nevada.

PATENT ATTORNEYS.

Men of ideas and inventive ability should write for new "Lists of Needed Inventions" patent buyers and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Advice free. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 57, Washington, D. C.

"Patents and Patent Possibilities" is a 72 page treatise telling what to invent and where to sell it. Manufacturers constantly writing for patents. Help supply the demand. Books free. H. S. Hill, 946 McLachlen Building, Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE FARMS.

A Richmond (Virginia) suburban farm home of five acres of rich level land with beautiful new cottage and outhouses; will yield $1,500 a year in truck, poultry and fruit. Salubrious climate the year round. Few hundred yards of deep water, but well elevated, and only few minutes to city. Only $325 cash, and balance ($1,650) like rent, monthly or yearly (5 years). Less than cost of city lot. At your door are excellent markets, good neighbors, churches and schools. A delightful home and excellent investment in the SOUTHLAND. Richmond has a population of 170,000. Employment in city. Write for our free literature on choice Virginia farms. Address K. T. Crawley, Industrial Agent, Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, Room 526, Richmond, Virginia.

For Sale—160 acres of finest farm-land in Michigan, near Caro; some woodland, balance under cultivation; very fertile and raises big crops; good buildings in excellent condition. For full description and terms write Frank Stamets, Caro, Mich.

For Sale—Farm of 1,000 acres, well im-proved, at Jackson, Miss.; $20 per acre; easy terms. J. A. Hodge, Jackson, Mississippi.

FARM LANDS.

Small Missouri Farm, $10 cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; write for photographs and full information. Munger, C-105, N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Free — 320-acre Montana homesteads. send names of 5 interested parties for free circular. Bureau 83, Boulder, Montana.

SALE LANDS

Virginia, N. C., W. Va. and Ohio farms at $15 per acre and up offer big value for the price. Best climate, markets, schools and transportation. Good land and neighbors. Write F. H. LaBaume, Agrl. Agt. N. & W. Ry., 208 Arcade, Roanoke, Va.

OIL LAND INVESTMENTS

Oil and Independence. Oklahoma oil field land may make your fortune. Your chance of making enormous profits from a small investment. Lots sold on payments of $1.00 cash and $2.00 monthly; write for particulars. Address, Frank P. Cleveland, 1132 Adams Express Building, Chicago.

FARMS WANTED.

Farms Wanted—Have 7,000 buyers; describe your unsold property. 414 Farmers' Exchange, Denver, Colo.

WANTED MISCELLANEOUS.

Wanted—Information that will lead to the present address of M. F. Wyrough, formerly of Altoona, Pa. J. P. Wyrough, 2025 Sixth Avenue, Altoona, Pa.

ROOTS WANTED

Dandelion roots green three, dry $15 100 lbs. delivered East Aurora, N. Y. Elecampane roots wanted. J. I. Gleed, East Aurora, N. Y.

MANUFACTURE OF MOTOR CARS TRULY THE WONDER INDUSTRY

ACCORDING to statistics from the National Board of Commerce bulletin, the automobile industry will produce $1,000,000,000 worth of cars during 1916.

The manufacturing of motor cars is truly a wonder industry, but no more so than was that or railroad building when its great possibilities first dawned upon the public generally. Nor is the motor age more wonderful in possibilities than is admitted for the steel industry, and which the railroads have proven to be. And yet each year there is heard from those who only get a superficial view of things, that the climax of the motor industry has been reached and a decline is predicted. How shortsighted such predictions are is easily understood when a few indisputable facts are considered.

When railroad building was at its full swing 25 years ago, the same cry was heard; "It is being over done; it can't continue." When the great steel companies planned on mammoth outputs the so-called wiseacres shook their heads and said, "What is to be done with all this steel?" Now the same self-styled wiseacres like to say that the automobile industry has reached its limit. They said so last year when 700,000 cars were made. They said it the year before.

But this year the total will be about 1,500,000 cars. Even with this great output such big factories as the Willys-Overland, Ford, Maxwell, Paige-Detroit, Reo, Studebaker and

JOHN N. WILLYS.
President Willys-Overland Co.

dozens of others are all the way from 500 to 20,000 cars behind in filling frantic demands of agents who already have the customer's money and can't get the cars.

It has been estimated that if the entire output of all the 300 or more automobile factories in the country distributed their entire production among the farmers of this country, it would take about ten years at the present rate of production before every farm in the United States could properly be supplied with a machine. The farm then is one of the big possibilities for the automobile. In fact the day is at hand when an automobile will be considered just as necessary for the farm as has been the horse and buggy. It is also quite safe to say that practically every farmer who does not own a machine is planning to have one.

Another growing and even now a tremendous factor in automobile sales is our export business. According to a report just issued by the National Commerce department the export sales of American automobiles and parts in the year ending June 30, totalled $144,626,719. This is nearly twice as great as the record of the previous year. It is also known among the manufacturers and exporters of automobiles that if sufficient vessel tonage could be found, South America, the Orient and Australia would easily have bought another $50,000,000 worth.

W. E. OLDS,
President Reo Motor Car Co.

The fact remains that the auto manufacturers of United States cannot supply a demand that is increasing instead of diminishing.

Much has been written and said about the numerous millionaires created by the automobile industry. How a few hundred dollars invested in automobile stock grew into a comfortable fortune. In view of the still greater possibilities of the industry, there is yet greater opportunity in acquiring wealth than the past few years have brought forth. Henry Ford says his aim is to make 15,000,000 cars before he feels the maximum supply has been reached. He figures it will take him 10 years to reach that figure.

The aim of John N. Willys, President of the Willys-Overland Company, is proportionately as high. So is that of R. E. Olds of the Reo, and that of President Jewett of the Paige-Detroit Motor Company, W. E. Flanders of the Maxwell Motor Company, and the others. Mr. Willys' wonderful ful career is too well known to need recounting. Ten years ago he started in the automobile business in a very modest way. Today he employs over 25,000 persons, does a gross business of about $150,000,000 annually and has a personal fortune estimated at $100,000,000. Besides making a fortune for himself, it is known that he has helped many of his friends and trusted employes to do likewise.

HARRY M. JEWETT,
President Paige-Detroit Motor Co.

The life story of Ransom E. Olds, head of the Reo Motor Car Co., at Lansing, Mich., is another remarkable and inspiring chapter to those who desire to make the most of opportunities. Twenty years ago he had a little machine shop at Lansing where he first perfected the little dashboard, "one lunger," some of which are still in active service. Like Mr. Willys, Mr. Olds has amassed a big fortune not only for himself but has helped those, who had confidence in him, to do likewise.

Great as may seem the present production of automobiles, when it is considered how little this volume goes towards supplying the demand and when it is further realized how vast is the field for the selling of automobiles, it is safe to say that the automobile industry is really only at the threshold of its greatness.

W. E. FLANDERS,
President Maxwell Motor Co.

BERNHARDT'S PATH IS STREWN WITH FLOWERS

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has arrived in New York on the Espagne after a three years' absence from America. Bundled snugly in a warm civet coat and in excellent spirits, the actress was carried down the gangplank by four proud French sailors while a group of young society girls scattered flowers in her path.

After a short rest Mme. Bernhardt took the train for Montreal. She said she would not present Les Cathedrals in the United States because of her promise to do nothing which would disturb a neutral country.

BRITISH PUT GERMAN LOSSES AT 3,556,018

Official British figures place the number of German casualties from the beginning of the war to the end of September at 3,556,018. The statement says:

"A report compiled from German official casualty lists shows the German casualties in September as 179,684, bringing the total since the war, from the same source, to 3,556,018.

"German casualties, exclusive of corrections, reported in the month of September in German official casualty lists were:

"Dead, 370,182.

"Prisoners and missing, 32,259.

"Wounded, 115,343.

"These added to those reported in previous months, including the corrections reported in September, total since the war:

"Dead, 370,182.

"Prisoners and missing, 428,829.

"Wounded, 2,257,007.

"It should be noted that the figures merely represent the casualties announced in the German official lists."

ASTHMA REMEDY FREE

Remarkable cures effected from one bottle. Write D. J. Lane, Box 614, St. Mary's, Kansas, and tell him that you will try a bottle of his newly perfected remedy on his guarantee to charge you nothing if it doesn't cure, but that you will gladly pay him $1.00 for this bottle when you are completely cured. Advertisement.

New York details 25 firemen to give drills in public schools.

Old False Teeth—We Pay to $5 a set. Also buy bridgework. Herwitz Bros. Co., Rochester, N. Y. Dept. G.

HEIRS WANTED.

HEIRS

Thousands of families are wanted to claim fortunes. Many now living in poverty are rich, but don't know it. Our 400-page index, entitled "Missing Heirs and Next of Kin," alphabetically arranged, contains authentic list of unclaimed estates and heirs wanted and advertised for in America and abroad to claim fortunes. Also contains Chancery Court of England and Ireland lists, and Bank of England unclaimed dividend list. Thousands of names in book. Yours or your ancestors' names may be among them. Send 2c stamp at once for descriptive circular. INTERNATIONAL CLAIM AGENCY, 9, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PATENTS.

PATENTS Write for How to Obtain a Patent. List of Patent Buyers and Inventions Wanted. $1,000,000 offered for inventions. Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability. Our four books sent free. **Victor J. Evans & Co., 798 Ninth St., Washington, D. C.**

BUSINESS CHANCES.

Invest $10. May Make Fortune.

Millions being made by fortunate investors in Great Southern Oil Fields. Single wells have produced upwards of $15,000.00 daily. **Production Absolutely Guaranteed.** Small monthly payments secure **big** interest with us in valuable oil leases on which we plan to drill many wells. Write quick. Offer limited. **GREAT SOUTHERN OIL ASSOCIATION. 1321 Carter Building. Houston, Texas.**

$150 Per Month and Expenses

Salary or Commission—Introducing our **King Butter Separator.** Produces best grade of butter from cream or milk, **sweet or sour, in less than 5 minutes.** Retails $5 up. Write for **free sample** and salary proposition. **DeKing Mfg. Co., Dept. 72-O, Chicago, Ill.**

MEN WANTED

Men to qualify for railroad and electric railway positions every locality; experience unnecessary; good pay; specify position desired. RAILWAY SERVICE BUREAU, 1417 International Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Big Pay in the Government service. Full details in my Free Book E. L. 1032. Write today. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

ECZEMA IS ONLY SKIN DEEP

CRANOLENE Kills Itching Germ

No internal medicine will cure *Eczema*—only by the application of *Cranolene* can the Eczema microbe be destroyed. **You pay us no money until you say you are cured.** *Write today for free supply.* **MILLS CHEMICAL CO., 136 Mills Building, Girard, Kansas**

Show This to Some Unfortunate Eczema Sufferer

Mr. H. C. Atteberry, Lilac, Neb., writes: "I have used free supply of Cranolene. It has done me more good than anything I have ever used. Enclosed find $5 to pay for the good you've already done me." **Postal will bring you FREE what Mr. Atteberry gratefully paid $5 for.**

ASTHMA

TREATMENT sent any sufferer. If it cures send $1.00. If not, don't. Give express office. Write today. **W. K. STERLINE, 631 Ohio Ave., SIDNEY, OHIO**

GERMAN POLICE START WAR ON FOREIGN SIGNS

The police president of the German capital has started an energetic campaign against store signs in foreign languages which still abound after two years of war. The owners of department stores and all tradesmen have been requested to announce their business and their wares in German and to avoid all French, English or other foreign names and expressions.

UNFILLED STEEL ORDERS 137,773 TONS DECREASE

The unfilled orders of the United States Steel Corporation on September 30 stood at 9,522,584, a decrease of 137,773 tons compared with those of August 31, according to the monthly statement.

A novel umbrella is equipped with a storage battery electric light in its handle.

$2,000,000 DAMAGE DONE BY HURRICANE

American Consul Payne at St. Thomas has reported that the hurricane which swept the Danish West Indies last week caused damage estimated at $2,000,000 and left two-thirds of the native islanders in dire need of food, clothing and shelter.

One hundred and fifty vessels pased through the Panama canal in July.

GERMANS INCREASE SERB COPPER OUTPUT FIVEFOLD

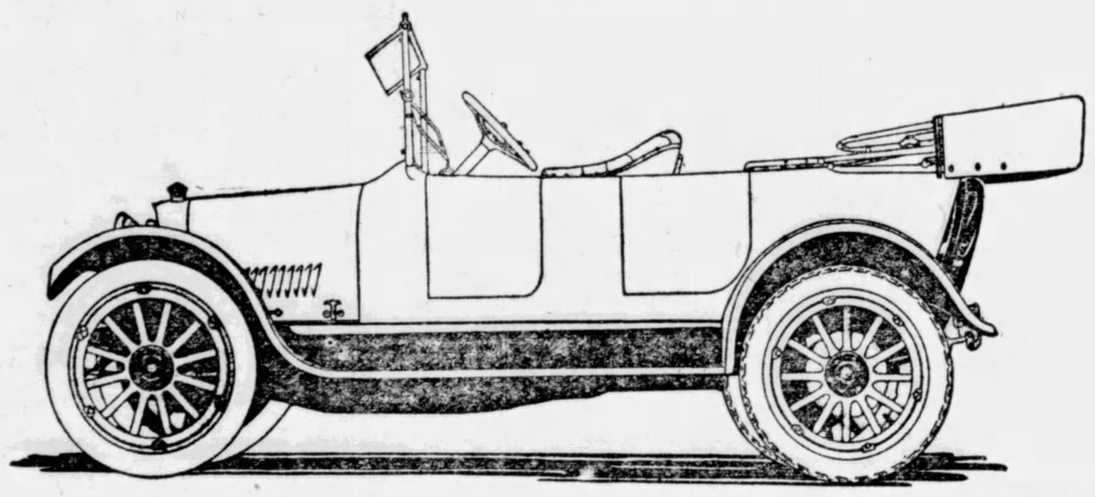
The output of the Serbian copper mines surpasses all expectations, now that they are worked by German mining experts and laborers. Since the mines were conquered by the Bulgarians a year ago and turned over to the Germans for exploitation they have yielded more copper than formerly in five years, and the production grows steadily.

REFUSE NOBLEWOMAN A JOB MENDING ROAD

After nearly four months of heavy farm work, Lady Mabel Smith, Lord Fitzwilliam's sister, applied to the Wortley rural council in England for a position as a road laborer. The council refused to give her a job, saying the work was too hard for a woman.

One-third of the employes of shoe factories in this country are women.

Reo



The New Reo the Fifth, "The Incomparable Four," $875 f. o. b. Lansing, Michigan

Here's the Secret of Reo Reliability

DOUBTLESS YOU'VE WONDERED—knowing as you do, how absolutely dependable are Reo cars — how free from troubles, and how low in upkeep cost:—

YOU'VE WONDERED wherein lay the secret of that reliability that is Reo.

WELL, WE'LL TELL YOU. And then you'll wonder at its ridiculous simplicity.

YOU READ, IN THE ADS, how this engineer or that inventor has revolutionized the science of engineering and produced a wonder-working car.

YOU READ THAT every year—only this year it's another engineer. That revolutionary stunt of last year has been forgotten.

IT WAS AS IMPOTENT as a South American revolution—it didn't!

SO THE SECRET ISN'T to be found in any such feat or invention.

REO PERFORMANCE—reliability, dependability, uniformity of performance of all Reos, of whatever model or price—is the result of the taking of infinite pains in the designing, the making and the inspection of the Reo product.

IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS that count—not the big ones.

ANYONE—A BOY EVEN—can make a motor that will be "different." Or an axle, a transmission or a set of springs that might impress the tyro as new and wonderful.

BUT TO MAKE ANY of these vital units better—that is the task—that should be the aim. It has always been the Reo aim.

INFINITE CARE in the fabrication and then in the inspection, and finally in the testing of the assembled whole—that is the secret of Reo success in making, not the most but the best, automobiles.

IF THERE ARE 2000 PARTS in a motor car; and if there's an average of four machining operations on a part—that's 8000 chances for something to go wrong!

AND ONE DEFECTIVE PART—one, however small or seemingly insignificant—that does not fit absolutely, and you'd have a car that would be less than a Reo in performance—more than a Reo in cost of upkeep.

"THOSE PESKY LITTLE TROUBLES that are always happening with other cars, are unknown to the Reo owner," says one Reo dealer, "and that's why the demand for Reos is so great."

WHEN YOU STOP TO THINK about it, the troubles you've had with other cars were not big troubles. Your motor didn't drop out of your car or your transmission strip or your frame break in two.

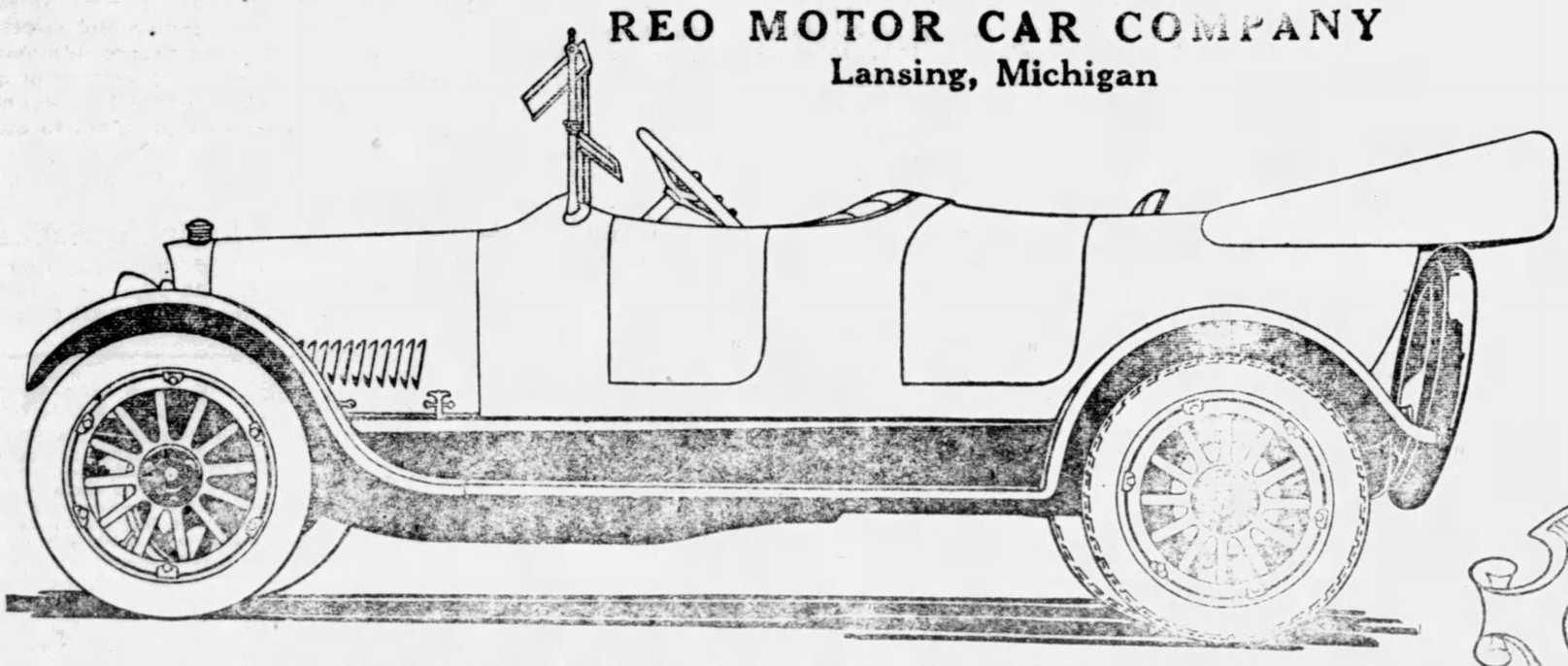
IT WAS THE LITTLE THINGS that pestered your motoring life—parts shaking loose or getting out of adjustment. Dust in bearings—oil leaks—everywhere. Squeaks and creaks and rattles. Always the dread when starting out that you might not return.

WELL THEREIN LIES the big difference between Reos and other cars—the big difference is the attention to the little things.

IT IS NOT UNCOMMON—in fact—it is the rule—for a new Reo owner to drive his car thousands of miles—a year, two years—without even seeing the inside of a garage or lifting the bonnet to make an adjustment or repair.

HONOR AND FAITH and a Good Intent—these and the attention to little things they dictate—result in Reo Reliability as it is known the world over, "The Gold Standard of Values" in automobiles and motor trucks.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Lansing, Michigan



The New 7-passenger Reo Six Touring Car, $1150 f. o. b. Lansing, Michigan

(57-E)

"THE GOLD STANDARD OF VALUES"

The Son of Tarzan

SYNOPSIS.

PAULVITCH, the Russian, escapes from Africa to London, bringing with him Akut, the ape, Tarzan's friend. Tarzan's son, Jack Clayton, who has been kept in ignorance of his father's life, runs away with Akut to Africa after the ape has killed Paulvitch. There Akut kills an American crook, and the two flee into the jungle. Jeanne, little daughter of Captain Jacot of the Foreign Legion, has been stolen by Arabs, and Jenssen and Malbihn, two Swedes, recognize her in Meriem, supposed daughter of the sheik, and try to carry her off for the reward Jacot has offered. Jack quickly finds his place in the jungle, and meets his first lion while hunting with Akut.

Jack wins the title of Korak, the Killer, in many adventures. Both blacks and whites fear him and drive him away; so he turns to the great apes for companionship, only to be rejected once more. Sick at heart he chances upon the sheik's village in time to rescue Meriem from the anger of the sheik. Korak carries her to the jungle where the two join Akut The girl fears the ape.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

They were too high to feel much fear of Sheeta; but there was always Histah, the snake, to strike terror to one's soul, and the great baboons who lived near by, and who, while never attacking, always bared their fangs and barked at any of the trio when they passed near them.

After the construction of the shelter the activities of the three became localized. They ranged less widely, for there was always the necessity of returning to their own tree at nightfall.

A river flowed nearby. Game and fruit were plentiful, as were fish also. Existence had settled down to the daily humdrum of the wild—the search for food and the sleeping upon full bellies. They looked no further ahead than today.

If the youth thought of his past and of those who longed for him in the distant metropolis, it was in a detached and impersonal sort of way, as though that other life belonged to another creature than himself. He had given up hope of returning to civilization, for, since his various rebuffs at the hands of those to whom he had looked for friendship, he had wandered so far inland as to realize that he was completely lost in the mazes of the jungle.

Then, too, since the coming of Meriem he had found in her that one thing which he had most missed before in his savage jungle life—human companionship. In his friendship for her here was appreciable no trace of sex influence of which he was cognizant. They were friends—companions—that was all.

Both might have been boys, except for the half tender and always masterful manifestation of the protective instinct which was apparent in Korak's attitude.

The little girl idolized him, as she might have idolized an indulgent brother had she had one. Love was a thing unknown to either; but as the youth neared manhood it was inevitable that it should come to him, as it did to every other savage jungle male.

As Meriem became proficient in their common language the pleasures of their companionship grew correspondingly; for now they could converse, and, aided by the mental powers of their human heritage, they amplified the restricted vocabulary of the apes until talking was transformed from a task into an enjoyable pastime.

When Korak hunted Meriem usually accompanied him, for she had learned the fine art of silence when silence was desirable. She could pass through the branches of the great trees now with all the agility and stealth of the Killer himself. Great heights no longer appalled her. She swung from limb to limb, or she raced through the mighty branches, sure-footed, lithe, and fearless. Korak was very proud of her, and even old Akut grunted in approval where before he had growled in contempt.

A distant village of blacks had furnished her with a mantle of fur and feathers, with copper ornaments and weapons; for Korak would not permit her to go unarmed or unversed in the use of the weapons he stole for her. A leather thong over one shoulder supported the ever-present Geeka, who was still the recipient of her most sacred confidences. A light spear and a long knife were her weapons of offense or defense.

Her body, rounding into the fullness of an early maturity, followed the lines of a Greek goddess; but there the similarity ceased, for her face was beautiful.

As she grew more accustomed to the jungle and the ways of its wild denizens fear left her. As time wore on she even hunted alone when Korak and Akut were prowling at a great distance, as they were sometimes forced to do when game was scarce in their immediate vicinity. Upon these occasions she usually confined her endeavors to the smaller animals, though sometimes she brought down a deer, and once even Horta, the boar—a great tusker that might have made even Sheeta think twice before attacking him.

In their own stamping-grounds in the jungle the three were familiar figures. The little monkeys knew them well, often coming close to chatter and frolic about them. When Akut was by the small folk kept their distance, but with Korak they were less shy; and when both the males were gone they would come close to Meriem, tugging at her ornaments or playing with Geeka, who was a never-ending source of amusment to them.

The girl played with them and fed them, and when she was alone they helped her to pass the long hours until Korak's return.

Nor were they worthless as friends. In the hunt they helped her locate her quarry. Often they would come racing through the trees to her side to announce the near presence of antelope or giraffe, or with excited warnings of the proximity of Sheeta or Numa.

Luscious, sun-kissed fruits which hung far out upon the frail boughs of the jungle's waving crest were brought to her by those tiny, nimble allies. Sometimes they played tricks upon her; but she was always kind and gentle with them, and in their wild, half-human way, they were kind to her and affectionate. Their language being similar to that of the great apes, Meriem could converse with them, though the poverty of their vocabulary rendered these exchanges anything but feasts of reason.

For familiar objects they had names as well as for those conditions which induced pain or pleasure, joy, sorrow, or rage. These root words were so similar to those in use among the great anthropoids as to suggest that the language of the Manus was the mother tongue.

At best it lent itself to but material and sordid exchange. Dreams, aspirations, hopes; the past, the future held no place in the conversation of Manu, the monkey. All was of the present—particularly of filling his belly and catching lice.

Poor food this to nourish the mental appetite of a little girl just upon the brink of womanhood. And so, finding Manu only amusing as an occasional playfellow or pet, Meriem poured out her sweetest soul thoughts into the deaf ears of Geeka's ivory head. To Geeka she spoke in Arabic, knowing that Geeka, being but a doll, could not understand the language of Korak and Akut, being that of male apes, contained nothing of interest to an Arab doll.

Geeka had undergone a transformation since her little mother had left the village of the sheik. Her garmenture now reflected in miniature that of Meriem. A tiny bit of leopard-skin covered her rat-skin torso from shoulder to splinter knee. A band of braided grasses about her brow held in place a few gaudy feathers from the parrakeet, while other bits of grass were fashioned into imitations of arm and leg ornaments of metal. Geeka was a perfect little savage; but at heart she was unchanged, being the same omnivorous listener as of yore.

An excellent trait in Geeka was that she never interrupted in order to talk about herself. Today was no exception. She had been listening attentively to Meriem for an hour, propped against the bole of a tree while her lithe, young mistress stretched catlike and luxurious along a swaying branch before her.

"Little Geeka," said Meriem, "our Korak has been gone for a long time today. We miss him, little Geeka, do we not? It is dull and lonesome in great jungle when our Korak is away. What will he bring us this time, eh? Another shining band of metal for Meriem's ankle—or a soft doe-skin loincloth from the body of a black she?

"He tells me that it is harder to get the possession of the shes, for he will not kill them as he does the males, and they fight savagely when he leaps upon them to wrest their ornaments from them. Then comes the males with spears and arrows, and Korak takes to the trees. Sometimes he takes the she with him, and high among the branches divests her of the things he wishes to bring home to Meriem.

"He says that the blacks fear him now, and at the first sight of him the women and children run, shrieking, to their huts; but he follows them within, and it is not often that he returns without arrows for himself and a present for Meriem. Korak is mighty among the jungle people—our Korak, Geeka—no, my Korak!"

Meriem's conversation was interrupted by the sudden plunge of an excited little monkey that landed upon her shoulders in a flying leap from a neighboring tree.

"Climb!" he cried. "Climb! The Mangani are coming!"

Meriem glanced lazily over her shoulder at the excited disturber of her peace.

"Climb yourself, little Manu," she said. "The only Mangani in our jungle are Korak and Akut. It is they you have seen returning from the hunt. Some day you will see your own shadow, little Manu, and then you will be frightened to death.

But the monkey only screamed his warning more lustily before he raced upward toward the safety of the high terrace where Mangani, the great ape, could not follow.

Presently Meriem heard the sound of approaching bodies swinging through the trees. She listened attentively. There were two, and they were great apes—Korak and Akut. To her Korak was an ape—a Mangani, for as such the three always descried themselves. Man was an enemy, so they did not think of themselves as belonging longer to the same genus.

Tarmangani, or great white ape, which described the white man in their language, did not fit them all Gomangani—great black ape, or negro—described none of them. So they called themselves plain Mangani.

Meriem decided that she would feign slumber and play a joke on Korak. So she lay very still with eyes tightly closed. She heard the two approaching closer and closer. They were in the adjoining tree now, and must have discovered her, for they had halted.

Why were they so quiet? Why did not Korak call out his customary greeting? The quietness was ominous. It was followed presently by a very stealthy sound—one of them was creeping upon her. Was Korak planning a joke upon his own acount? Well, she would fool him.

Cautiously she opened her eyes the tiniest bit, and as she did so her heart stood still. Creeping silently toward her was a huge bull ape that she never before had seen. Behind him was another like him!

With the agility of a squirrel Meriem was upon her feet, and at the same instant the great bull lunged for her. Leaping from limb to limb, the girl fled through the jungle, while close behind her came the two great apes. Above them raced a bevy of screaming, chattering monkeys, hurling taunts and insults at the Mangani, and encouragement and advice to the girl.

From tree to tree swung Meriem, working ever upward toward the smaller branches which would not bear the weight of her pursuers. Faster and faster came the bull apes after her. The clutching fingers of the foremost were almost upon her again and again, but she eluded them by sudden bursts of speed or reckless chances as she threw herself across dizzy spaces.

Slowly she was gaining to the greater heights where safety lay, when, after a particularly daring leap, the swaying branch she grasped bent low beneath her weight, nor whipped upward again as it should have done. Even before the rending sound which followed Meriem knew that she had misjudged the strength of the limb.

She had fallen thus many times before, so that she had little particular terror of a fall—it was the delay which appaled her most, and rightly; for scarce had she scrambled to a place of safety than the body of the huge ape dropped at her side and a great, hairy arm went about her waist.

Almost at once the other ape reached his companion's side. He made a lunge at Meriem; but her captor swung her to one side, bared his fighting fangs, and growled ominously.

Meriem struggled to escape. She struck at the heairy breast and bearded cheek. She fastened her strong white teeth in one shaggy forearm. The ape cuffed her viciously across the face; then he had to turn his attention to his fellow, who quite evidently desired the prize for his own.

The captor could not fight to advantage upon the swaying bough, burdened as he was by a squirming, struggling captive; so he dropped quickly to the ground beneath. The other followed him, and here they fought, occasionally abandoning their duel to pursue and recapture the girl, who took every advantage of her captor's preoccupation in battle to break away in attempted escape; but always they overtook her, and first one and then the other possessed her as they struggled to tear one another to pieces for the prize.

Often the girl came in for many blows that were intended for a hairy foe, and once she was felled, lying unconscious while the apes, relieved of the distraction of detaining her by force, tore into one another in fierce and terrible combat.

Above them screamed the little monkeys, racing hither and thither in a frenzy of hysterical excitement. Back and forth over the battlefield flew counless birds of gorgeous plumage, squawking their hoarse cries of rage and defiance. In the distance a lion roared.

The larger bull was slowly tearing his antagonist to pieces. They rolled upon the ground, biting and striking. Again, erect upon their hind legs, they pulled and tugged like human wrestlers; but always the giant fangs found their bloody part to play until both combatants and the ground about them were red with gore.

Meriem through it all lay still and unconscious upon the ground. At last one found a permanent hold upon the jugular of the other, and thus they went down for the last time. For several minutes they lay with scarce a struggle. It was the larger bull who arose alone from the last embrace.

He shook himself. A deep growl rumbled through his hairy throat. He waddled back and forth between the body of the girl and that of his vanquished foe. Then he stood upon the latter and gave tongue to his hideous challenge. The little monkeys broke, screaming, in all directions as the terrifying noise broke upon their ears. The gorgeous birds took wing and fled.

Once again the lion roared; this time at a greater distance.

The great ape waddled once more to the girl's side. He turned her over upon her back, and, stooping, commenced to sniff and listen about her face and breast. She lived. The monkeys were returning. They came in swarms, and from above hurled down insults upon the victor.

The ape showed his displeasure by baring his teeth and growling up at them. Then he stooped, and, lifting the girl to his shoulder, waddled off through the jungle. In his wake followed the angry mob.

To Be Continued.

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Recent Scientific Discovery Works Wonders in Restoring Bladder Strength to Old and Young.

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YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness, or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Sinking or Smothering Sensation, Difficult Breathing, Heart Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets. Not a secret medicine. It is said that one person out of every four has a weak heart. Probably three-fourths of these do not know it, and hundreds wrongfully treat themselves for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't take any chances when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach. More than 1000 endorsements furnished.

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Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 980, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Delays are dangerous. Write at once—to-day.

FIFTH AVENUE DOESN'T RECOGNIZE MRS. WILSON

FIRST LADY OF LAND SHOPS IN NEW YORK ALONE AND UNKNOWN BY CROWDS.

She shopped along Fifth avenue, recently; spent three hours selecting gowns and a hat to be worn the coming winter in the District of Columbia, lunched at a hotel, rode on a train—yet nobody recognized Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.

Mrs. Wilson went to New York on a Pennsylvania train. She was guarded by an agent of the secret service.

A taxi at the Pennsylvania station took her to a Fifth avenue shop near Thirty-sixth street, and then to other shops. She lunched at the Waldorf Astoria, and then caught a train for Long Branch.

MUTT AND JEFF

Oh, Yes, Actions Speak Louder Than Words; Yes, Indeed.

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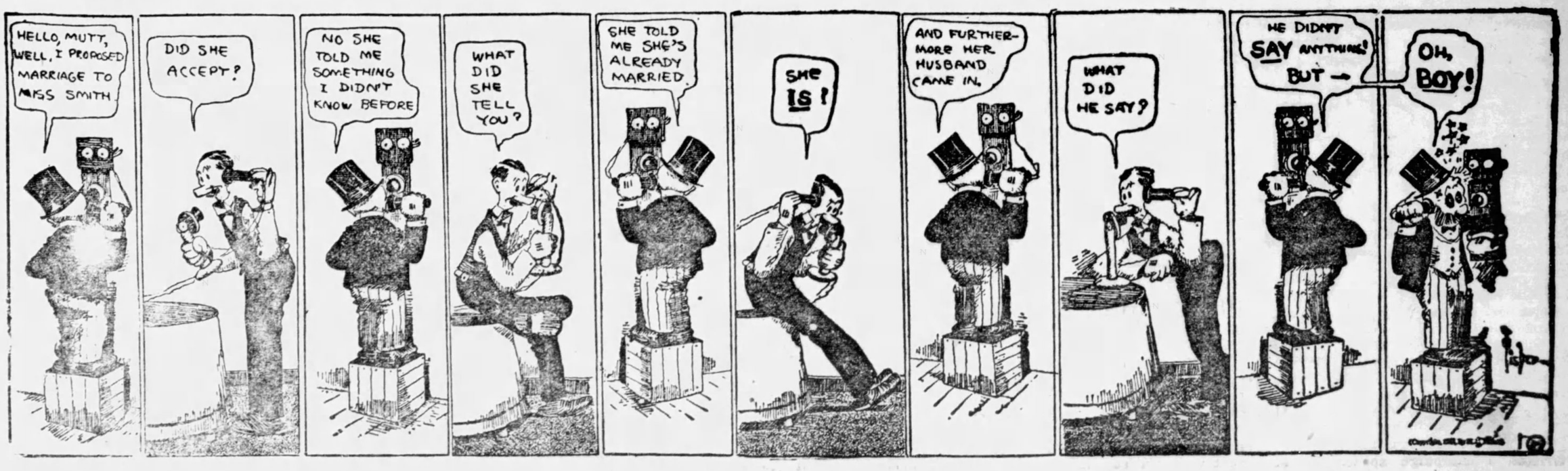
"BUD" FISHER


HELLO, MUTT, WELL, I PROPOSED MARRIAGE TO MISS SMITH
DID SHE ACCEPT?
NO SHE TOLD ME SOMETHING I DIDN'T KNOW BEFORE
WHAT DID SHE TELL YOU?
SHE TOLD ME SHE'S ALREADY MARRIED.
SHE IS!
AND FURTHERMORE HER HUSBAND CAME IN.
WHAT DID HE SAY?
HE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING! BUT—
OH, BOY!

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ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

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ABOUT OUR ADVERTISERS

We endeavor to carry in The Weekly Blade reliable advertising. Should any advertiser herein deal dishonestly with any subscriber, if the subscriber will advise us, within one month from date of this issue, and we find the facts to be as stated, we will take the matter up and endeavor to secure satisfaction for the subscriber. We will not promise to settle mere business differences, but we will try to protect our readers against actual fraud.

It is a condition, however, that in writing to advertisers you state: "I saw your advertisement in the TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE."

Villa could never get the undertaker vote.

October is mankind's reward for sweating through last July.

Few persons ever violate the speed laws in getting out of debt.

After all we do not suppose itch for office is worse than chiggers.

An old whisky soak's notion of the milk of human kindness is that it is red and giveth its color in the cup.

President Wilson says the United States is ready to fight, but the cause must be just. But was the cause just when the fleet of fighting ships was sent to Vera Cruz?

Hughes would find a way to keep the country out of war without declaring himself "too proud to fight."

Between being bitten by a snake and drinking whisky there wouldn't seem to be much choice.

There is a woman in North Carolina who doesn't want to be considered a slave to Fashion. Writing to a mail order house for white stockings, she takes the trouble to explain that she wants them "on account of fleas."

Wild geese, flying north, honk of love and flowers. Flying south, they are prophetic of buckwheat cakes and sausage.

As a rainmaker, the European war is a failure in dry weather.

Peoria's tractors are cutting great swaths in the war zone. But Peoria's other well-known product is available for domestic warfare only.

"Dr. Frank Crane says any of us who would yield to our natural impulses would be in jail before night." Which sounds like a well-phrased falsehood.

Any fool who can keep his foolishness secret is a wise man.

Next to watching the hunters' moon and rubbering at the aurora borealis, we like to see the sumac blazing in the October sun.

Friend Carranza has bowed to Great Britain and France, but he has a crick in his back when he thinks of the United States.

As a slogan, "Thank God for Wilson," is wearing out. Irreverance can't last indefinitely.

"I wish you could vote," said Mr Wilson to the women who were cheering for him. He isn't saying that to the Hughes women boosters.

Anybody who imagined Colonel Roosevelt would go into the campaign with half a heart must have forgotten what kind of a man he is.

To get nowhere, all that is necessary is to spend today regretting what happened yesterday.

The green hat vote will cut considerable figure in the result of the November election.

Thirteen months in the year would be all right, provided two of them could be October.

President Wilson went fishing for the support of young men, and up jumped Richard Olney at 81.

Henry Ford says he thinks the office should seek the man. He is more than half right, though not original. And yet he is not going to vote for the candidate whom the office sought and called from the supreme court bench.

The political candidate at a county fair can't understand why people take more interest in cattle and hogs than in patriots.

Lincoln never sobbed over his perplexities or discussed in lugubrious notes the performance of his duty.

Surely there are many good people in Mexico, but they do not get into the news.

The worst will have happened to the Kaiser when his various fronts close in on him.

Lesson of Sub Visitors.

Just as easily as the German submarines have crossed the Atlantic and brought war to enemy shipping within sight of our shores, so could the fleet of a nation at war with us operate against our merchant ships.

Distance is no longer a protection. A great ocean, subject to dangerous moods, merciless toward the works of man, has ceased to be a defense. Where three or four or even a score may come during this war to sink the munition carriers and frighten the transports, a hundred and more would come, were we at war with one of the big powers, to bottle up our harbors, send the fishing fleets to the bottom, paralyze water transportation and force our warships to scatter in every direction. With our present means of defense, we would be powerless to meet this warfare. While the navy was guarding one part of the shore, the submarines would be harrying another part. While patrols sought to protect the big cities on the coast, the small cities, the little ports, the fishing villages and summer resorts would be going up in smoke.

These visitors ought to make it plain to every citizen that the ocean barrier upon which the nation has placed its main dependence for protection for more than a hundred years has ceased completely to be a barrier. The country must hereafter provide its own protection, rest no longer on a geographical advantage which has played out. "They cannot" and "they dare not" have no longer any force or meaning. The Germans have shown that submarines can cross the Atlantic and that a thousand can do so with as little trouble as one can. They have further shown that the nerve to perform the voyage is not at all lacking.

He Won't Refuse Votes.

"Die Internationale Politik des Prasidenten" is the title of a campaign pamphlet printed at government expense and sent out free of postage charges. It is an appeal to German-born citizens to support President Wilson since he has their interests at heart, sympathizes with them deeply and is their one true friend among the several candidates for chief executive.

The President's proclaimed dislike for foreign votes and his professed preference for "straight American" support do not go so far, it appears, as to oppose electioneering among the German voters. At least, he has not risen indignantly and forbidden his campaign managers to send out pro-Wilson literature in a foreign language. Nor have the managers been instructed to reimburse Uncle Sam for his printing and postal bills.

Europe Studies Grant.

In the last months of the Civil war, Sherman was cutting the southern confederacy into two parts. Farragut was blowing the defenses of Mobile into small pieces, Sheridan was riding hard and gobbling up confederate food trains, Thomas was crushing Hood, an army was reaching for Kirby Smith in Texas and Grant was hammering at Lee, allowing him no rest and forcing him to stretch out his lines thinner and thinner.

It took months for the north to develop this strategy of combined movements. It has taken the entente powers in Europe months to agree to work together so that the armies of the Central powers should none of them have rest or be given the chance to reinforce the points most fiercely attacked. But it is plain now that Grant has been studied in Europe and his methods given at least a "try-out."

Ford's Contribution.

Henry Ford announces that his contribution to the Wilson campaign will be a country-wide eight-hour day propaganda. He will recite the benefits of the shortened work-day and attempt to convince the people thereby that the nation's salvation depends upon its returning Mr. Wilson to office.

Many strange things in the way of credit have come to Mr. Wilson since he became President. We hear the spellbinders announce that "he kept us out of war," though history records a war of the President's own making and an "armed occupation" stamped with his approval. We perceive him portraitured in the role of martyr, bowed with care, broken down with the weight of labors, though the chronicle reports a regular attendance at the golf club and the news of the day faithfully makes mention of good appetite and reasonably good nature.

Yet perhaps the strangest glorification it is proposed to press down upon the cliff-like brow of Woodrow Wilson is that as the one prophet and the true seer of the eight-hour day. That long line of labor leaders who struggled for eight hours, that mighty army of workers who suffered starvation in its cause, those women and children who grew hollow of cheek in order that through their self-denial their husbands and fathers might gain easier working conditions—all these are to be forgotten and pushed aside so that Mr. Ford may crown his hero.

Henry's experience with the argonauts of peace, you might have thought, would have taught him that "bunk" does not go very far.

The End of Free Trade.

At the meeting of the British Imperial Conference, there were only three dissenting votes upon a resolution which called for:

"Preferential reciprocal relations between all parts of the British empire.

Reciprocal trade between all parts of the British empire and the present allied countries.

"The favorable treatment of neutral countries and the restriction by tariffs and otherwise of trade relations with all enemy countries so as to render dumping on a return to pre-war conditions impossible."

The striking thing in this program is that, if finally adopted by the British empire, it will mean the complete abandonment of free trade in England. Cobdenism, after ruling for nearly a century, will be dead.

The principal argument for free trade for America was that England had prospered under it. When the English throw that policy on the waste heap, there will be nothing left for the American free-trader to do except to throw up his hands and cry "betrayed!"

The Volunteer's Reward.

A few months ago, there was nothing that people were not ready to do for the volunteer who came forward to protect the country on the Mexican border. He was toasted, he was dined. We rushed into the streets to cheer as he marched by. Employers pledged themselves to maintain salaries throughout the period of active service. Lawmakers introduced bills to care for the volunteer's family. He was the national idol.

The other day, a Chicago paper described the plight of one of these young soldiers:

"He had been an instructor in the Wisconsin State Industrial School, 21 years old, married and with one child. He gave up his $125-a-month job to go to the border with the Wisconsin national guard. He was mustered out, but his position had been filled. A Chicago manufacturer met him yesterday near the La Salle street hotel. He hadn't eaten for thirty-six hours."

Of course, this is outrageous. It is enough to make one's blood boil with the usual indignation. But remember this: This Wisconsin man's experience is the common experience of volunteers. It has always been so in this country. It was even more true just after the Civil war than it is today. There was a derisive question then, "Soldier, will you work?" He was in luck, sometimes, if he had the job at which to work, the stay-at-homes having every advantage at getting employment. The guardsmen now are being notified by employers that the arrangements about salaries are being canceled. When they get home many of them will return to bench or desk only to see other men there who have no intention of surrendering their places.

This injustice is part and parcel of the volunteer system. It cannot be rooted out until the whole unfair, undemocratic volunteer system is abandoned.

The suggestion has been made by a bright-minded observer that Mrs. Hughes is making a splendid run for the First Lady of the Land.

GOING BACK HOME

BY WALT MASON

There's nothing sadder than returning, responsive to a heartfelt yearning, to scenes we used to know; but lately to such scenes I wandered, and with an aching heart I pondered o'er things of long ago. I used to know a girl named Daisy, who was so smooth she drove me crazy; of her for years I'd dreamed; and always in my mental vision, angelic, beautiful, elysian, and bright with youth she seemed. And in my recent tour I found her with seven husky sons around her, and she was bent and gray, and worn from cooking hams and fishes, and washing everlasting dishes, and helping men pitch hay. And all the lads who with me gamboled, and through the melon patches rambled, on bygone starry nights, were stale, from all their toil and straining, and hobbled up and down complaining of aches and chigger bites. The town itself was there, unchanging, the river down its course was ranging, by hoary elm and pine; the old stone church still reared its steeple, and in its shade were planted people who once were chums of mine.

Copyright by George Matthew Adams.

Appealing for Pity.

A magazine author asks us to pity "the lonely figure in the White House," bent with the weight of responsibilities, worn away in the painful endeavor to tread the path of duty.

We feel almost like doing it. But pity must be given in order of its need. There are others who must come first at the distribution of compassion—the followers of "the lonely figure in the White House," for example. Observe what they have had to do:

They have had to "back up" on the principle of only one term to a President. They have had to swing with Mr. Wilson from preferential tolls for American shipping in the Panama canal to no preference. They have trailed behind him from non-preparedness to preparedness complete and then just good enough preparedness. Their moccasins have had to come down in tracks which led to free sugar and then back-tracked to sugar duties. As Mr. Wilson was opposed to a tariff commission, so were they. Now that the establishment of a tariff commission is one of the great Democratic achievements, they, too, must so proclaim it. Night has followed the day no more faithfully. "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge."

But the trouble is, Mr. Wilson lodgest not. He is a political nomad. And whosoever followeth after has to be nimble of feet lest he find of a sudden that his toes are in the heels of his shoes.

After we are through pitying the bent, weary followers of Wilsonian policies we will try to scare up a tender word, a tear or two, for the "lonely figure in the White House."

THE NEW-OLD BLADE LIKED BY READERS

Letters and cards received from our readers encourage the belief that they are going to love the Blade in its new form. Their words are an inspiration to further effort toward giving the new-old Blade life, ginger, a spic and-span appearance, and above all, making it a keen cutter for the right as God gives us to see the right.

We want to hear from others. Of course, bouquets are always preferable, but we'll not dodge if an occasional brickbat is hurled this way.

ABE MARTIN

Life is just one busted romance after another.

Th' best thing about autos is that relatives kin return home th' same day.

VARIETIES

Koochiching is the name of one of Minnesota's counties.

Bananas can be best ripened in a room kept at 110 degrees.

A meteorite weighing about 20 tons is reported to have fallen recently at Bezerros, in the state of Pernambuco, Brazil.

To prevent a shade flapping when a window is opened, an inventor has combined a holding clip and a rubber vacuum cup.

In the handle of a new dustpan is a bellows, operated by a piston, which aids in collecting dust too fine for a broom to move.

In Russia, there are enough people to populate Great Britain, Germany and France, with a considerable number left over.

An Austrian chemist claims to have invented a liquid coating for smoked meats that soon hardens and preserves them indefinitely.

A man in California has fanced in his estate by chains connecting cement posts, made and colored to reprenst tree stumps.

From heretifore waste tomato seeds Italian canners are making an oil with rapid drying qualities that is useful in varnishes.

The towers of the Panama cathedral are roofed with pearl shells, which reflect the sunlight so that they can be seen far out at sea.

A dry battery-fed electric light mounted at the top of a writing pad has been invented to permit persons to write in dark places.

A mechanical devise, largely composed of rubber, has been invented to loosen a person's scalp to stimulate the growth of hair.

An electrically operated washing machine has been invented that also dries clothes by centrifugal force without removing them.

The larger part of Mexico consists of an elevated plateau, with mountains on the east and west. This plateau is of volcanic origin.

A Frenchman has invented apparatus to compress air in a reservoir as the doors of a house are opened and utilize it to wind clocks.

A Massachusetts inventor's automatic fire alarm can be attached to the electric lighting circuit in a building to utilize it to ring a bell.

New apparatus for filling automobile tires with air automatically cuts off the supply when the overinflation danger point is reached.

Russian engineers soon will begin experiments that will cover three years to ascertain if sugar beets can be raised profitably in Siberia.

John Udart, while paving a street in Rutland, Vt., with vetrified brick, laid 22,000 bricks, weighing 101 tons, in eleven and one-half hours.

Chicago, quoting from a newspaper of August 3, 1851, "now has the enormous population of 38,800, an increase of 10,000 in the last year."

Some German railroads equip their locomotive cabs with cocoa mats to absorb the vibration, which is said to affect the hearing of their crews.

A patent has been granted for a simple metal container to hold coins of small denominations in convenient packages instead of wrapping them in paper.

Fifteen years ago the total annual cost of the British army was only a little more than $85,000,000. The present war is costing Great Britain $15,000,000 a day.

A very sensitive telephone transmitter that works well over long distances is so thoroughly waterproof that it is efficient even though submerged in water.

A Polish scientist is the inventor of a motion picture camera which can be carried in the hand and which is operated by compressed air as long as a button is pressed.

Bohemia is preparing to buy blooded mares in North and South America, as soon as opportunity arises and to dispose of them at auction to breeders and farmers in various parts of the empire.

Concrete as a material for gate structures in American irrigation canals is said to be beginning to displace wood, as its durability is thought to overcome the disadvantage of higher cost.

Companies and corporations doing business in Turkey are compelled by a new law to use the Turkish language. Foreign corporations must use Turkish in their correspondence with the government.

Around the cemetery in Bowdoin, Me., is an iron fence which was put up forty-seven years ago and is still in perfect alignment, the frost, which usually throws fences out of line, not having disturbed tihs one in the least.

There is a man in Brown county, Kansas, who owns twenty hounds which he values at $100 each. Not only that, but he insists on paying personal property taxes on that valuation in addition to the regular dog tax.

Danish postbags in the mail car of a train traveling through Holstein were found to be overflowing with greasy matter. They had been lying near the radiator. The grease was melted butter; small parts of butter, sufficient for perhaps a couple of sandwiches were being sent to people in Germany in letters at full postal rates.

Sunday School

THE ORATOR AND THE KING

The International Sunday School Lesson for October 22 Is "Paul's Defense Before Agrippa."—Acts 26.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Oriental pomp and pageantry confront the Sunday schools as they enter the great audience hall of Governor Festus, on the special occasion of a formal appearance of King Herod Agrippa II. and his wife Bernice, who was also his full sister. Lovers of show and state were all the Herods—they gave more heed to the outward form than to the inner integrities. They were courtiers alike of the Jews and of Rome, cloaking their selfish ambitions and unscrupulous intrigues beneath an appearance of Jewish orthodoxy. The sumptuously-robed monarch, and his beautiful wife, blazing with jewels of state, looked the part of Romans, rather than of Jews. It was such occasions of ceremony as this, when all the lick-spittle officialdom of Caesarea did obeisance to them, that stirred the jaded Herod blood.

Did the proud king and his wife recall, as they confronted the manacled prisoner who had been brought before them to gratify their curiosity, that it was in this very city that their father, Herod Agrippa I, who had slain the Apostle James with the sword, had died a horrible death, smitten in his pride as he paraded himself as a god? And did their thoughts go back to their great grandfather Herod the Great, who had vainly sought to slay in childhood the infant Jesus, after whom all these Christians were named? A sort of dire judgment seemed to attend the contact of the Herods with all who were associated with this new religion. Did Agrippa and Bernice recall their great uncle, Herod Antipas, who had slain John the Baptist, at the behest of a dancing girl? The king and queen were not without imagination, and this facing of the foremost Christian of the day did not leave them wholly comfortable, even if he were but a prisoner, with fetters on his wrists and ankles.

Little would the world today know or care about the whole tribe of Herods, were it not for their connection with Christian history. Gone is Caesarea, the scene of the stately Herodian triumphs. The allied warships that patrol the coast of Palestine today waste never a shot upon it. Gone, too, is Rome, with all her might, while the message of Paul, and the spiritual forces which he represented, are daily increasing their sway around the world. "The world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

Those jaded Jewish-Roman potentates, who sought a new sensation by hearing Paul, have their counterparts in the modern society leaders who lionize evangelists. Billy Sunday's ovation in Washington, at the hands of political and social leaders, rather brings the matter down date. Thank God for the men who have made the Gospel a sensation; who have set cities by the ears; who, like Savonarola, have been preachers of righteousness to entire communities. The preacher should be the most generally-discussed man in town. His words should set the people talking about the truth he preaches. But woe unto him if he yield to the temptation to be a mere entertainer, a seeker after notoriety and social position. If he have one gospel for the rich and another for the poor; if he be afraid to speak in Dame Society's parlor the message that he delivers in the rescue mission, then he is an unworthy wearer of the name of minister of the Gospel.

This man Paul never swerved or hesitated or compromised when he stood before King Agrippa. His oration was almost the high-water mark of all his recorded utterances. Essentially, though, it was the same old speech that he had been delivering up and down the land. Because it is a great and classic utterance, more impressive than any comments upon it, the address is quoted in full:

A Famous Oration.

So Paul, with outstretched arm, proceeded to make his defense.

"The kind of life I have lived from my youth upwards, as exemplified in my early days among my nation and in Jerusalem, is known to all the Jews. For they all know me of old—if they would but testify to the fact—how, being an adherent of the strictest sect of our religion, my life was that of a Pharisee. And now I stand here impeached because of my hope in the fulfillment of the promise made by God to our forefathers—the promise which our 12 tribes, worshipping day and night with intense devotedness, hope to have made good to them. It is on the subject of this hope, Sir, that I am accused by the Jews. Why is it deemed with all of you a thing past belief if God raises the dead to life?

"I, myself, however, thought it a duty to do many things in hostility to the name of Jesus, the Nazarene. And that was how I acted in Jerusalem. Armed with authority received from the High Priests I shut up many of God's people in various prisons, and when they were about to be put to death I gave my vote against them. In all the synagogues also I punished them many a time, and tried to make them blaspheme; and in my wild fury I chased them even to foreign towns.

"While thus engaged, I was traveling one day to Damascus armed with authority and a commission from the High Priests, and on the journey at noon, Sir, I saw a light from Heaven—brighter than the brightness of the sun—shining around me and around those who were traveling with me. We all fell to the ground; and I heard a voice which said to me in Hebrew.

"'Saul, Saul, why are you persecuting Me? You are finding it painful to kick against the ox-goad.'

"'Who art Thou, Lord?' I asked.

"'I am Jesus whom you are persecuting,' the Lord replied. 'But rise, and stand on your feet; for I have appeared to you for the very purpose of appointing you My servant and My witness both as to the things you have already seen and as to those in which I will appear to you. I will save you from the Jewish people and from the Gentiles, to whom I send you to open their eyes, that they may turn from darkness to light and in order to receive forgiveness of sins and an inheritance among those who are sanctified through faith in Me.'

"Therefore, King Agrippa, I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision; but I proceeded to preach first to the people in Damascus, and then to those in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and to the Gentiles, that they must repent and turn to God, and live lives consistent with such repentance.

"It was on this account that the Jews seized me in the Temple and tried to kill me. Having, however, obtained the help which is from God, I have stood firm until now, and have solemnly exhorted rich and poor alike, saying nothing except what the Prophets and Moses predicted as soon to happen, since the Christ was to be a suffering Christ, and by coming back from the dead was then to be the first to proclaim a message of light both to the Jewish people and to the Gentiles."

As Paul thus made his defense, Festus exclaimed in a loud voice:

"You are raving mad, Paul; your great learning is driving you mad."

"I am not mad, most noble Festus," replied Paul; "I am speaking words of sober truth. For the King, to whom I speak freely, knows about these matters. I am not to be persuaded that any detail of them has escaped his notice; for these things have not been done in a corner. King Agrippa, do you believe the Prophets? I know that you believe them."

Agrippa answered.

"In brief, you are doing your best to persuade me to become a Christian."

"My prayer to God, whether briefly or at length," replied Paul, "would be that not only you, but all who are my hearers today, might become such as I am—except these chains."

"Crazy Moody."

"Heedless of self, forgetful that his life
Is now to be defended by his words,
He only thinks of doing good to them
That seek his life."

As he pressed home his message—for Paul's defense of himself was but a proclamation of Christ—the sycophantic governor, Festus, fearing that the message was crowding too close to home to the royal hearers, interrupted with the cry of madness. That is a favorite charge against the most earnest preachers. When Dwight L. Moody began to do Christian work in Chicago they nicknamed the young man "Crazy Moody." It is not "good form" to make religion personal; yet all about us people are hungering for the direct presentation of Christ.

When Baron Shibasawa, the foremost Japanese business man, was in this country he told a reporter of the New York Herald that when he attended Mr. John Wanamaker's Sunday school in Philadelphia Mr. Wanamaker not only presented him with a Bible, but he also urged his distinguished guest to become a Christian. The incident greatly impressed the famous Japanese.

That's business—Christian business. No man is too high to be directly approached with a personal appeal that he yield his own life to Christ. Paul made direct address to King Agrippa. He saw him as a possible convert. True, the king, like many another self-inflated notable since, supposed that he was above the claims of religion. He might give his august approval to Christianity, but as for discipleship—faugh! Did Paul think that he could become one of the despised sect?

With amused disdain he interrupted the address, not confessing that he was "almost persuaded," as the old version has it, but, as the American Revision translates it, "With but little persuasion thou wouldst fain make me a Christian." The idea is preposterous! The fellow thinks that, with a few words, he could induce Herod to follow the Nazarene. There was a rebuke in the royal answer. Did it abash Paul?

If Places Were Changed.

Not for an instant. That ready orator made instant and eloquent reply, "I would to God, that whether with little or much, not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, might become such as I am, except these bonds." What an admixture of sublime passion with exquisite courtesy! Paul wished his best for even his enemy—but not his bonds. The scene recalls his own words to Timothy, "But the word of God is not bound." The disciple might be fettered, but his message had free course.

Come to think of it, that was an extraordinary wish of Paul's for the king. The unaffected audacity of it is staggering. It implied the prisoner's moral superiority to the monarch. The Christian's state is more than royal. All the attributes of wordly wisdom and power and position are less desirable than the qualities of a Christian. Stupendous as was the proposition made by Paul, history has vindicated it fully.

An acid test was this which the prisoner applied. Dare we wish for our friends no better boon than that they become as we are. Would it solve the world's problems if all men were to become like unto us?

"What kind of church would my church be,
If all of its members were just like me?"

The implication of Paul's statement is that every witness to the Gospel should testify, first of all by his life. Paul lived, and so he was qualified to stand before kings and preach.

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Cut in sizes 36 to 42 inches bust measure. The features that will predominate in the modes for fall and winter, show in this suit. The coat, loose and flaring, and having the new upstanding collar, tells that braid ranks high in finishing such garments. The three-gored skirt is attached to yokes.

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Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A "delightfully different style in a party dress or dance frock, is this one in the picture. The waist body is shaped with two tucks in each half of the front and one in each back. The bertha sewed to the waist where a fancy yoke joins, is the distinguishing feature.

No. 7995—Ladies' Dress.

Cut in sizes 36 to 44 inches bust measure. A design that will appeal to the style sense of fashion followers. A raised waistline is used for the three-gored skirt, joined to a perfectly plain blouse, under a belt of contrasting goods. The collar and neat cuffs on plain, fitted sleeves are developed in the same material.

No. 7964—Children's Dress.

Cut in sizes 4, 6 and 8 years. The prevailing children's dresses is illustrated in this frock. It is made to slip on over the head, has the body and sleeves in one section, the back extending a bit over the shoulders where the garment fastens. A box plait is introduced at the lower part of each underarm seam, and just above it straps of material are tacked for the inserting of a separate belt.

No. 7965—Ladies' Shirtwaist.

Cut in sizes 36 to 44 inches bust measure. For all practical needs, this is the style to choose. A tuck in each front turned toward the armhole gives a very pretty line; the collar is simple, but one is impressed with its cut at front. The plain sleeve may be long or short, finished with a neat cuff.

No. 7972—Ladies' Shirtwaist.

Cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure. In this design, the collar is particularly inviting — cut in points at front and square at back where it descends almost to the waistline; it is inlaid with bands of insertion and outlined with edging. Interest, also, attaches to the simulated box plait down center front, likewise trimmed with narrow edging.

No. 7981—Ladies' Skirt.

Cut in sizes 24 to 30 inches bust measure. In this box-plaited skirt, a fascinating effect is given by passing a trimming throughlengthwise openings in the side and back gores, at yoke depth and underneath the box plaits—three of which are made in each half. A raised waistline is used and the entire upper edge of the skirt gathered.

Mrs. Zada Falangus of Portland, Ore., is earning $1,000 a month writing life insurance.

The Blade Book of Fashions.

In every home where clothes are made there should be a copy of The Blade Book of Fashions, a 36-page fashion publication which is issued Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. This handsome book shows 400 of the best styles for ladies, misses and children, all of which can be made at home. The book illustrates more than 50 of the newest waists and skirts, evening dresses and coats; over 50 beautiful house and street dresses and maternity gowns; over 30 aprons, dozens of negligees, kimonos and wrappers, underwear, misses' dresses and blouses, baby clothes of all kinds and nearly 100 garments for children of all ages; shirts for men and boys, etc. The very latest issue of this book will be sent postpaid to any address in the United States on receipt of 10c.

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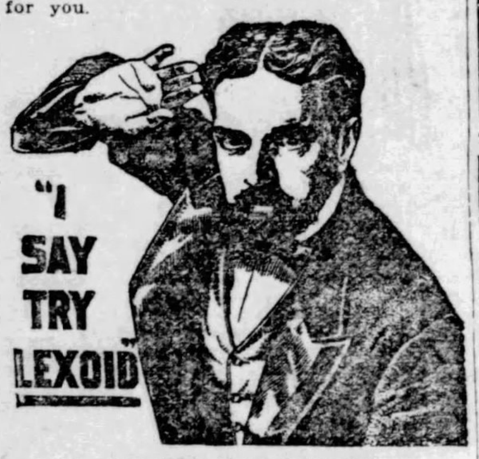

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Kindly send me a Free sample of **Pyramid Pile Treatment, in plain wrapper.**

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Lungs Weak?

Generous Offer To Tuberculosis Sufferers of Trial of Europe's Remarkable Remedy, SANOSIN

World's noted medical scientists—Doctors Daneiius, Sommerfield, Wolff, Noel, Essers—declare SANOSIN **the most effective treatment** for Pulmonary ailments yet discovered. Felix Wolff, Court Physician, Director of the Sanitarium for Consumptives in Reiboldsgrun, Germany, says he **has discarded all other remedies.** SANOSIN has been officially recommended to the Berlin Medical Association. Dr. C. W. A. Essers, Amsterdam, Holland, declares it a "Moral obligation to make SANOSIN known to the whole human race." American sufferers, rich or poor, can use this remarkable home treatment that has met with such phenomenal success in Europe. SANOSIN does its work by absorption of Germs—not an injection. Produces calm, restful sleep without Morphium or similar deadening drugs. Brings almost immediate relief from coughing, blood spitting and night sweats. SANOSIN is proving a blessing to all suffering from Tuberculosis, Bronchitis, Asthma Catarrhs, Whooping Cough, etc. Send for FREE BOOKLET (with testimonials) explaining this treatment and how a Trial can be made in your own home at our risk. Address SANOSIN, Dept. 7, Unity Bldg., Chicago.

Show This To Some Unfortunate.

CRUEL PILES

Dr. Van Vleck Found Genuine Relief Which Is Healing Thousands

Send Postal for Dollar Trial FREE

To anyone suffering from Piles we make this unlimited offer: Send us your address and return mail will bring you a regular Dollar Package of Dr. Van-Vleck's 3-fold Absorption Treatment for **Itching, Bleeding, Protruding Piles, and** Pile trouble — all in plain wrapper **—TO TRY FREE.** Dr. Van Vleck, ex-surgeon U. S. army, spent forty years perfecting his now world famous **Absorption Method. No** knife, no pain, no doctor bills—just a simple home treatment that can be tried by anyone **without cost.** Then, after trying if you are fully satisfied with the relief and comfort it gives you, send us One Dollar. If not, it **costs you nothing.** You decide and **we take your word.** We don't know how we could show more unbounded faith in our remedy. It is relieving almost every stage and condition of this most painful disease, even after whole lifetimes of misery. We have received hundreds of letters telling of the success of this remarkably effective system after everything else, including costly and dangerous operations had failed, even after 30 and 40 years of suffering. The milder cases are often controlled in a single day. Won't you try it at our expense? Address Dr. VanVleck Co., Dept WR42, Jackson, Mich. Send no money. Send today.

SWOLLEN VEINS are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamp.
W. F. Young, P. D. F., 127 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

FITS "I CURED MY DAUGHTER by simple discovery. Doctors gave her up. Will send Lopso 312 Island Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. FREE

Stop Using a Truss

Yes, stop it, I say! You KNOW by your own experience the truss is only a makeshift—a false prop against a collapsing wall—and that it is undermining your health. Why, then, continue to wear it? Let me show you a better way.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED

IT'S THE NON-SLIPPING—YET NON-RIGID PAD AND WHAT IS WITHIN IT THAT COUNTS
OPENING THROUGH WHICH THE PLAPAO MEDICATION ESCAPES
TRY ALL IN THE PAD

I want to send to every RUPTURED SUFFERER absolutely FREE TRIAL OF PLAPAO and my interesting, instructive 48-page book on Rupture—explains what rupture is and why trusses and similar MERE MECHANICAL supports cannot be relied upon. The way of the PLAPAO-PAD is nature's way. This simple, inexpensive home treatment is calculated to give quick relief and strengthen the weakened muscles, thus doing entirely away with steel and rubber bands that chafe and pinch, for all time to come. Close the hernial opening, as nature intended, so the rupture CAN'T come down. Hundreds have testified UNDER OATH that the PLAPAO-PADS positively and permanently cured their rupture—some of them most aggravated cases and of long standing. Awarded Gold Medal and Grand Prix.

Soft as Velvet—Easy to Apply—Inexpensive

There is no metal about the PLAPAO-PADS—no straps, buckles or springs attached—soft as velvet. Comfortable to wear. No delay from work. Easy to apply and require no re-adjusting. Process of recovery is natural, so afterward no use for trusses. Ask me to prove what I say by sending TRIAL PLAPAO and a most convincing mass of evidence FREE—no charge for it, now or ever—nothing to be returned. Don't wait. Write today—NOW.

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TRADE MARK
STARK'S ADHESIVE PLAPAO
THE ENTIRE INNER SURFACE OF THE PLAPAO-PAD IS MADE ADHESIF FOR THE PURPOSE OF PREVENTING SLIPPING AND ALSO TO SECURE THE PLAPAO-PAD FIRMLY TO THE BODY THUS GIVING CONTINUAL TREATMENT
TRIAL OF PLAPAO

NEW PREMIER OF JAPAN FRIENDLY

Terauchi Wishes Amity With U. S. and Denies Nippon Has Designs on Philippines.

"Tell the American people that my earnest and constant endeavor shall be to promote the friendly ties which have bound Japan and America for half a century."

So declared the new premier of Japan, Count Seiki Terauchi, in quelling the fears of a section of the Japanese public, which have found an echo in the United States, that the coming into power of the new ministry may be tantamount to war. The premier stated that Japan would not take any aggressive step toward the United States or any other country, "so long as Japan's vital interests and dignity are not infringed."

The dramatic summons to the premiership of Field Marshal Terauchi, Japan's dominating military figure, and the misgivings it has caused, induced the premier to give the world, through the Associated Press, an idea of his purposes.

The premier disclaimed responsibility for the interview in New York with Baron Sakatani, who was quoted as saying that the repeal of American laws regarded by the Japanese as discriminatory was a matter of "justice and necessity." He declared that he would undertake no new steps in regard to the so-called American problems, including immigration.

The premier declared America's interest in China would not be harmed by Japan, which had no intention of violating China's sovereignty.

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Farms of Alaska Cut From Forests

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE

very edge of Fairbanks. This is a homestead that was taken out 10 years ago by Stacia Rickert, the wife of a business man of Fairbanks. It consists of 320 acres of land, and it lies within a mile of the center of the town. Mr. Rickert has built here a very pretty cabin surrounded by flowers, and his home is well furnished and as comfortable as that of any well-to-do farmer of the states. He has cleared about one-fourth of his land, and the farm is one of the show places of Alaska. The ground is as flat as a floor, and as green as the valley of the Nile. He is now cutting oat hay, of which he has many acres. He has also great fields of barley and potatoes, the latter now in full blossom.

The gardens of this farm cover 20 or 30 acres. As we walked through them I asked as to the crops, and was told that there are now in the ground 20,000 cabbages, 30,000 stalks of celery and some acres of head lettuce. The celery is especially fine, growing to a height of four feet. Some of it was sent to Montana a few years ago to show what Alaska could do, and President Taft sampled it during his trip through that state. He declared it the finest he had ever tasted. Mr. Rickert expects to harvest this year about 25 tons of turnips, five tons of beets and 30 tons of cabbages. As we went through one of the fields I pulled up a cabbage and put it on the scales in the greenhouse. It weighed 26 pounds. Others weigh more. Cabbages are now worth 8 cents a pound, and cauliflowers are selling at from 25 to 26 cents a pound. Some of the crop is sold when it is taken out of the ground. The rest is stored away in the cellar and marketed during the winter.

The Tanana valley is a land of scanty rainfall. Heavy showers are almost unknown. It drizzles often in summer, and much of the rain is during the growing season. The yearly average is about 10 or 12 inches of water, including the snow of the winter. Added to the moisture from the skies, is that from the strata of perpetual ice, which is found from eight inches to a yard below the surface of the ground. When this land is cultivated, this gradually melts, making the soil deeper and deeper from year to year, until at last the ice has no effect on the crops.

The soil is fairly fertile. Some of that about Fairbanks grows two hundred bushels of potatoes per acre without manure. When the woods are cut down the native red-top springs up. There is pasture everywhere in the summer. The best lands are the gently sloping hills, composed of fine silt, sand and gravel. The most of the soil is sandy. The very best is the Fairbanks silt loam, of which there are altogether a half million acres in the Tanana valley.

HELP! HELP!

If You Know a Sick Person Why Not Throw Out a Life Line? $5,000 Reward

This Offer Open to Skeptical Sick People Anxious to Find the Right Road to Health.

Would you throw a life line if you could save a man, woman or child sinking for the last time?

If you knew of a sick person wrecked in mind and body from the ravages of sickness, caused by a condition of liver, bladder, blood, stomach or kidneys, would you remain silent when you could offer a suggestion?

If I convince you that my statements are honest it is your duty to tell others what you have read. I'll give you $5,000 if there are not 100,000 users of Bulgarian Blood Tea in Pittsburgh. I'll make the same offer on the affidavit made by Charles Eichardt, that he read over 2,000 letters sent to me from grateful users of Bulgarian Blood Tea. And further, you can have the money if the National Labor Tribune, 50 years official organ of the workingman, did not investigate Bulgarian Blood Tea and accept my advertising after reading the proof of its merit and inspecting my laboratory, where the editor found only the choicest of herbs, roots, bark, leaves, plants, flowers—the offering of Mother Earth to sick and suffering humanity. This newspaper exposed various kinds of patent medicines and refused to publish their advertising. I'll give you $5,000 if my statement is not true that Bulgerian Blood Tea has kept me in a healthy condition for over 16 years and that my wife and child are in the pink of condition as a result of this. This formula was given me by an old Bulgarian when I was sick, 16 years ago. I have red cheeks at 60 and I feel better than when I was 45. I claim that any man who uses this nature tea, and eliminates body poisons in this natural way, that he will fight off germs and that he will live to a happy ripe old age. This applies to either sex because women who have used it write that it is a blessing; that every woman should know about it.

I've tried to offer proof of the merits of my tea. I will send anywhere in the United States a 5 months' treatment for $1. You can give it to every member of the family. It contains no mineral drugs, or alcohol. You make it at home and take it hot at bed time in the good old-fashioned way. Please let me prove to any victim of rheumatism, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, sick and nervous headache, run-down and weak condition, that this offer is different from any you have ever read. Send $1.00 and get a 3 months' treatment. Address

H. H. VON SCHLICK, 40 Marvel Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

Please mention the Toledo Weekly Blade when you are writing to advertisers and you will do us a favor.

Relieves Serious Case of Chronic Constipation

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin Corrects Condition That Seemed Hopeless.

After suffering from chronic constipation until she was so run down she was unable to do any kind of work, Miss H. A. Frees, 209 Adams St., Dayton, Ohio, obtained a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and used it with such gratifying results that she continued the treatment and has written Dr. Caldwell that her condition is again normal, and that she wants to recommend Syrup Pepsin to everyone who suffers with constipation.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin, gentle in its action and free from griping or other pain or discomfort. It contains no opiate or narcotic drug, and, while acting readily on the most stubborn case of inactive bowels, is absolutely safe for the tiniest babe, so that it is the ideal family laxative and should be kept on hand in every household for use when needed.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin costs only fifty cents a bottle and is sold in drug stores everywhere. To avoid imitations and ineffective substitutes be sure you get Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. See that a facsimile of Dr. Caldwell's signature and his portrait appear on the yellow carton in which the bottle is packed. A trial bottle, free of charge, can be obtained by writing to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 423 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois, for whom this advertisement is published.

Spectacles ON TRIAL Free

NOW Is The Time For YOU To Get GLASSES

All summer your eyes have been exposed to the glare of the sun, heat, dust and grit, the eye-nerve has become strained, and now the long nights are setting in you must get glasses to relieve the strain if you want to read and sew in comfort and avoid all further eye trouble.

YOU MUST PROTECT YOUR EYES. YOU MUST GET GLASSES AT ONCE

I am just putting on the market scientifically ground glasses, and I want you to try a pair. Send for a pair right now. I will send them to you, fitted in a 10-KARAT GOLD-FILLED FRAME, absolutely FREE, so you can judge them for yourself. Let me help you save your eyes. Let me prove to you, without cost, what my scientifically ground glasses will do to stop this eye strain.

Don't Send Me A Cent

When you answer this advertisement; don't send me a penny, as I insist on sending you these scientifically ground glasses, fitted in a 10-karat gold-filled frame, without any deposit or payment from you—not one penny. I want you to try them free. As soon as you get them I want you to sit down and put them on and see with what ease and comfort they will enable you to read and sew, or see clearly at a distance or close up, in sunlight or in shadow, morning, noon or night, without the slightest headache or eye suffering.

I also want you to notice how well you can again read the finest print in your bible, or see clear across to the horizon as far as you ever did in your young days.

They'll Enable You To Read The Finest Print Or Shoot A Bird Off The Tallest Tree

I don't want you to try them just for one night. Try them out for fully ten days—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday—and three days more.

Not one day; not a whole week, but a week and a half. Wear them around the house, see how easily you will be able to see to file your saw, or out of doors, at church and meeting, out hunting, and everywhere else you go. Try them faithfully. Test them at my cost and expense. Let me send you a pair of these 10-karat gold-filled Perfect Vision Spectacles now being worn and used by tens of thousands of men and women citizens of the United States.

I Will Send Them To You Free

Sit down right now—this very minute—and fill out the below coupon at once; let Uncle Sam deliver into your own hands, at your own door, a pair of my 10-karat Gold-filled Perfect Vision Spectacles, in a handsome Plush-lined German-silver-tipped Pocket-book Spectacle Case, absolutely free, for you to try. I will even pay the postage, and you are to judge them for yourself. Can anything be fairer? Fill in this coupon and mail it to me at once.

ST. LOUIS SPECTACLE HOUSE, Room 5 ST. LOUIS, MO.

I herewith enclose this coupon, which entitles me, by return mail, to a pair of your 10-karat Gold-filled Perfect-Vision Spectacles, complete, also a fine leatherette, plush-lined, German-silver-tipped, pocket-book spectacle case, without cost to me, so I can try them out, under your own offer, of a full ten days' actual test—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and three days more. This free trial is not to cost me one penny, and if I like the glasses and keep them, I am to pay you $1.50 only—no more and no less. But if, for any reason whatsoever, I don't wish to keep them (and I, myself, am to be the sole judge), I will return them to you without paying you a single cent for them, as you agreed in the above advertisement to send them on ten days' absolute free trial. With this understanding I mail you this certificate, and it is agreed that you will stick to your word and I will stick to mine. Don't fail to answer the following questions;

How old are you?.....How many years have you used glasses (if any)?.....

Name .....

Post Office.....

Rural Route.....Box No.....State.....

GERMAN WARTIDE CHECKED IN TRANSYLVANIA

FOLLOWING a fortnight of reverses in Transylvania, the Rumanian army found itself, suddenly assumed the offensive, and turned back the Germans at several places along the frontier. This unexpected reversal of the fortunes of war came at the close of the past week.

An official statement from the Rumanian war office Saturday night announced the re-capture of three villages and several mountain peaks in the Transylvanian Alps. The Austro-Germans at places were reported to have retired in disorder, and only at one point were the Rumanians continuing to yield groud. The German war office admitted that the Rumanians were on the offensive.

The heaviest blow was struck against the Austro-German center. Here Gen. von Falkenhayn had been driving southward from Kronstadt, apparently planning to advance to the highly important railway city of Ploesci, thus severing direct railway communication between the Rumanian armies in the north and south.

The Rumanians drove Falkenhayn back near Predeal and forced the enemy to retire near Predelus, the Bucharest war office announced. In extended fighting along the Transylvanian border, the villages of Poliana, Sarata and Sostzoe were recaptured.

Near Diuval, the Rumanians fell back on Rucar. In the mountain fighting the peaks of Igleul, Mic and Muncelulour were captured, Bucharest reported, the Teutons retiring with great losses.

Italians Push Forward.

Saturday the London war office announced that along the whole eight-mile battle front on the Carso plateau, the Italians have advanced, as a result of the third day of the big new battle. It was added that Gen. Cadorna's forces are now facing the Austrian second line.

Advices from the Italian base at Udine, tell of bloody fighting in the streets of Lokvica and Hudi Loga, south of Monte Pecinka. The Italians penetrated the towns, but met with strong resistence. The Austro-Hungarians had turned the stone houses into blockhouses with machine guns trained to sweep every approach. The lines were so near that the artillery could not be directed against these forts.

The Italians have developed an artillery power on the Carso that is little short of the Anglo-French artillery force on the western front. The same tactics are being used as on the Somme. In preparing for an infantry attack, the Italians deluge the enemy lines with shells for hours, then the fire lifts to a second line, and the infantry dashes forward.

Austrian troops in this region have made a stronghold of every hill, often being able to take refuge in rocky caverns, whence it was next to impossible to eject them. These natural defenses have been shattered by the Italian shells, according to descriptions of the fighting emanating from Rome.

This battle has been in progress for a week, with the Italians making steady but slow progress. They are now within 10 or 12 miles of Trieste.

Capture of Trieste probably would force an Austrian fleet from shelter and bring on a naval battle of importance in the Ardiatic. Not alone the Italian, but a powerful French fleet is known to be in these waters. No accounts have been received recently of British naval activity in the Adriatic, but British warships are known to be at Salonika, and if Trieste appears about to be taken, British warships undoubtedly will be on hand in time for eventualities.

Allies Seize Greek Navy.

Domination of Greece by the allies now seems complete. During the week Vice Admiral D'Artige du Fourner, commander of the Anglo-French fleets in the Mediterranean assumed command of the Greek warships and replaced the crews with French and British seamen. Greece's protests received no formal reply.

The allies also took over the railway line between Piraeus and Larissa, the main railroad in Greece, and placed it under military control.

The allies' ultimatum to Greece, which resulted in the seizure of the navy, had been presented by Admiral D'Aritge du Fournet. Its acceptance by Greece not only gives the allies control of the navy, the coast forts and the railways, but also the national military police.

England and France, it is believed, will formally recognize the revolutionary government headed by M. Venizelos, and give it material support.

Some of the Greek warships seized were taken to Salonika and turned over to the revolutionary government.

Allies Lose Million Men.

From Berlin, Saturday, the military critic of the semi-official news agency, stated that 90 fresh Anglo-French divisions (about 1,620,000) were practically annihilated in the three months and a half of the Somme offensive.

These divisions were withdrawn and disappeared completely from the battle, he wrote. Fifty-five divisions, in consequence of heavy losses, could engage in the combat only twice; 15 divisions were in action three times, and only one remained so intact that it could enter the battle four different times. Four divisions were beaten so badly that, after the second engagement, they had to be sent to fronts where little fighting occurred, but on critical days were recalled and sent to other fronts.

Since the beginning of the Somme offensive, 178 divisions (3,180,000 men) partly new and partly filled up, have been launched against the German positions, the military critic stated.

Russian losses from June 1 to Oct. 1 he estimated at about 1,000,000 men, quoting the statement of a Kief officer in a Swiss paper as authority.

Some Siberian regiments were annihilated, he asserted, and the fourth Siberian army corps alone lost between 13,000 and 14,000 men from Aug. 31 to Sept. 3.

Gains in Macedonia.

In Macedonia the allied offensive is continuing slowly, most of the activity of the week having centered about the western end of the line. British forces are advancing on Seres, the important Serbian town, while the Serbs are trying to reach Monastir. Stiff resistence is being offered the British at Seres and some heavy fighting may be expected there before the Bulgarians give up their positions. The Serbs have been halted on the Monastir front, probably awaiting the arrival of reinforcements.

Until Saturday a lull had been evident in the eastern front. The official war office statement in Vienna Saturday said that the Russians had renewed their attacks in the Carpathian mountains and had been repulsed. On the Volhynian sector the Russian attacks appear to have ceased altogether, and no additional progress has been made toward Lemberg.

Germans, for the time at least, have taken the initiative on the Somme river. The French official communication of Saturday told of heavy German attacks south of the river, which enabled the Germans to occupy French trenches. They were ejected by a counter attack, however, and the German thrust brought no change in the lines of the opposing armies.

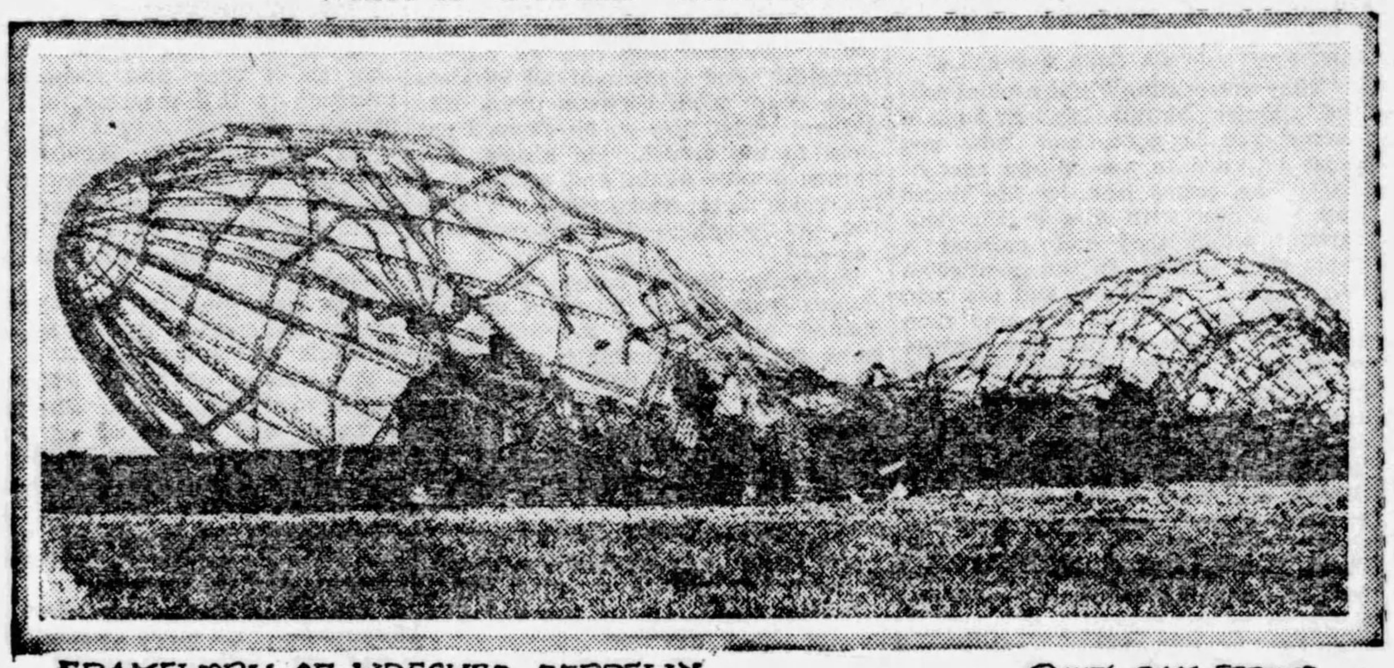
North of the river, the French succeeded during the week in straightening out their line north of the Somme, apparently in preparation for a renewal of their drive toward Peronne. The advance here was of relative unimportance. The British, too, failed to continue their offensive, an attempt by them early in the week to advance toward Baupaume being repused by the Germans.

Germany Elated.

As a result of the German submarine's work off the American shore the German people are encouraged and elated. No nation in the war is so responsive at the achievements of her inventors and scientists as is Germany. No other nation, perhaps, takes such an intelligent interest in such things. And the news of the submarine triumph, coupled with subsequent intimations that at last German admiralty brains had hit upon a means of using the submarine against merchantmen without offending neutrals, served to cause real joy in the German empire.

This feeling of elation is echoed by speeches in the reichstag, where, a few months ago, statesmen were devoting a great deal of their attention to peace utterances. The German note has taken on a more defiant tone. Lloyd-George's statement that the war must go on until Germany has been crushed is met by an equally sassy rejoinder from Berlin—that if such be the terms of peace, the war will go on forever.

WHAT A "BAGGED" ZEPPELIN LOOKS LIKE



FRAMEWORK OF WRECKED ZEPPELIN. ©INTL. FILM SERVICE

Here is an interesting picture of the wreck of the Zeppelin brought down in the last German aerial raid over England on Sept. 23. The silk covering the gigantic balloon was burned just as the Zeppelin fell to the earth, after being struck by shells from anti-aircraft guns. The exposed framework of the Zeppelin is clearly shown. An idea of the size of these monster aerial raiders is gained by comparing the framework with the two-story house at the left of the picture.

CARPENTER TELLS HOW FARMS ARE CUT OUT OF THE FORESTS

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER

(Copyright, 1916, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

Fairbanks, Alaska.

I HAVE just returned from an automobile trip through some of the rich farming lands of the Tanana valley. This part of Alaska has the largest body of good soil in the territory, and the government is expecting an invasion of homesteaders as soon as the railroad from Seward to Fairbanks is completed. Much of the land is in what is known as the Tanana bottom. It comprises a tract about 200 miles long and, in places, 70 miles wide. Altogether it is about as big as the state of New Jersey, and its cultivable country is one-fifth as large as the state of Ohio. My journey today was through a rolling region as beautiful as the Pennsylvania foothills of the Alleghenies. The land rises from the river and gently slopes to the mountains, which are far off in the distance.

As we rode up the valley it was difficult to realize that we were on the border of arctic Alaska. The thermometer was at 90 degrees in the shade. There was no snow on the tops of the mountains, and the hills and valleys were covered with green. At times we passed through plains spotted with wild flowers. There were beds of buttercups as yellow as gold, and daisies as pink as the cheeks of a baby. In some places the ground was covered with blueberry bushes, the fruit as large as cherries and loaded with juice. Now we passed through forests of birch, spruce and cottonwood. Some of the trees were two feet in diameter. Where the woods had been cut or burned away there were vast expanses of flaming pink flowers as high as the wheels of the car, and everywhere the roadside was hedged with green grass and red-top that reached to the hubs. Now and then we went over corduroy, our automobile bouncing high under the fast driving of the Jehu of this northern frontier.

Experiment Farm.

We passed many small farms cut out of the woods, with oat hay and potatoes in blossom. We saw cattle grazing, and by and by we came to the experiment farm which the government has established in the heart of the Tanana valley, about four miles from Fairbanks. The farm is beautifully located. It consists of 1,280 acres of gently sloping hillsides and bottom land, sloping at one side to a wide stream and rolling thence on up and over a low range of hills.

At one end of the farm is the site recently selected for the Alaska Agricultural College, the corner stone of which was laid in 1915. The college will stand on a hill, giving magnificent views for 50 miles up and down the Tanana valley, taking in Fairbanks and also the blue mountains, far off in the distance. On a bright day Mount McKinley is visible. The campus will include a forest of birch trees as straight as an arrow. Their trunks are as white as frosted silver, and they end at the top in green leaves.

The experiment station has now from 80 to 100 acres under cultivation, and 40 acres more are being cleared along the roadside. As we rode by we could see men cutting the trees and burning the brush. A little farther on we came to grain fields, not little patches, but fields that would be large on any farm in Virginia. We passed tracts of oats ready for reaping, and rode through barley which was four or more feet in height. Above these on the hillsides were long strips of Siberian wheat, planted last spring and now ripening, and side by side with them strips of experimental grains of one kind and another. On the crest of the hills were the farm buildings with buckwheat in front, and a potato patch of five or six acres between it and the oat fields we first passed. The potatoes were in full blossom, the vines were luxuriant and the hilled-up rows reached to my thighs.

Good Potato Land.

Potatoes grow well in this part of Alaska. Two hundred bushels per acre is not uncommon, and the country is now raising about all that is needed for the towns and the camps. A year or so ago the station sold the yield of five acres for $3,500, and it has records of three acres which have produced a value of from $500 to $600 per acre for years in succession. Potatoes are sold by the pound. They bring from 6 to 9 cents, according to season. Some claim the tubers lack the mealiness of those of the Rocky mountains. Those I have had, have been dry and delicious.

I spent some time at the experiment station. The home of the farmer is a one-story cottage surrounded by beautiful flowers. At one side of it is a great bed of pansies, and in the front yard are more pansies, in patterns of intricate design.

During my stay I talked with the superintendent. His name is J. W. Neal. He comes here from the Agricultural Department at Washington. He tells me he has about 100 acres under cultivation, almost all of which is in grain of various kinds. He is clearing more land and extending the farm. I asked him as to the cost of clearing. Mr. Neal replied:

"It cannot be done for less than $100 per acre, and some tracts will cost more. The trees have to be cut, the roots gotten out, and the ground and trees must be burned over in order to kill out the moss. Some of the land has to be drained, and it takes some time before it can be brought under cultivation. A great part of the country is underlaid with prehistoric ice, the soil being frozen down to bedrock. In some cases the frozen strata is only a few inches below the surface, and in others it may be a yard or so deep. After the land is cleared this gradually melts until it has no effect upon cultivation and growth."

Visits Homesteaders.

Leaving the experimental farm, we visited some of the homesteads nearby. The first was owned by a man named Young, who came to Alaska with nothing about seven years ago. He took up 320 acres of government land and a large part of this is now under cultivation. He is raising oat hay and potatoes; he also has a big greenhouse, where he grows tomatoes and other vegetables for the mining camps and the town. Mr. Young was not at home when we called, but Mrs. Young showed us about. As we looked over the farm I asked her how she liked living in this far-off Alaska. She replied that she had been a little dissatisfied until she had gone "outside" last summer, but that since she returned she had no desire to go out again. She said:

'This country is my home, and a mighty good home it is. You can see what the summer is like. We are perfectly comfortable during the winter. We always have plenty to eat, we get high prices for all that we sell and we are further ahead every year."

Our next visit was to a dairy farm belonging to a Mr. Hinckley. This farm supplies much of the milk and cream consumed in Fairbanks, and it also sells butter, buttermilk and cottage cheese. The milk brings $1 a gallon, and cream $1 a pint. Buttermilk sells for $1 a gallon, butter 75 cents a pound and cottage cheese or schmierkaese for 50 cents a quart. We went with Mr. Hinckley to the barn to look at his cows. He has 20, which give on the average three or four gallons of milk every 24 hours. The milking is done twice a day, and the cows had been brought into the barn at the time of our visit. They are what you would call good average stock in the states.

The cow barn is interesting. It is a well built log structure, 30 feet wide and 90 feet long, with the stalls facing a platform which runs through the middle about two feet from the ground. The walls are sunk in the earth, and the stable is floored throughout with boards, the floors of the stalls sloping to the walk behind them, so that they can be kept perfectly clean. The building has a galvanized iron roof, in which are windows that can be raised for ventilation. It is well lighted. It has a large stove at one end, but Mr. Hinckley says that this is for cooking the feed only, and that the cows get along well without artificial heat.

Leaving the dairy, we went on to visit a truck farm which lies on the

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWELVE

I PULLED UP A CABBAGE. IT WEIGHED 26 POUNDS.

POSTUM
HELPS
WHERE
COFFEE
HURTS
"There's a Reason"

SYNOPSIS.

PHILIP WEYMAN is on his way back to civilization after four years spent in the great North. Becoming hungry, he beaches his canoe in order to start a fire and eat. There he comes upon a white woman all alone and the first he has seen in a long time. She is in great trouble and asks him to help her. Feeling a great love for her he promises to comply with her strange request to help her by accompanying her back home and there live as her husband. But she reminds Philip that there is no hope for him and that he must leave her when the time comes. Philip complies, and with Jean Croisset, a trusted servant, who knows the secret, he and the girl, Josephine Adare, start back to Adare House.

The three reached Adare House after a stormy lake voyage and Philip is given the room where he is to sleep as Philip Darcambal, Josephine's husband. The actions and words of Jean and the girl mystify Philip further.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

He turned suddenly from the door, facing the window in his room. The next instant he stood tense and staring. A face was glued against the pane; dark, sinister, with eyes that shone with the menacing glare of a beast. In a flash it was gone. But in that brief space Philip had seen enough to hold him like one turned to stone, still staring where the face had been, his heart beating like a hammer. As the face disappeared he had seen a hand pass swiftly through the light, and in the hand was a pistol. It was not this fact, nor the suddeness of the apparition, that drew the gasping breath from his lips. It was the face, filled with a hatred that was almost madness—the face of Jean Jacques Croisset!

Scarcely was it gone when Philip sprang to the table, snatched up his automatic, and ran out into the hall. The end of the hall he believed opened out doors, and he ran swiftly in that direction, his moccasined feet making no sound. He found a door locked with an iron bar. It took him but a moment to throw this up, open the door, and leap out in to the night. The wind had died away, and it was snowing. In the silence he stood and listened, his eyes trying to find some moving shadow in the gloom. His fighting blood was up. His one impulse now was to come face to face with Jean Croisset and demand an explanation. He knew that if he had stood another moment with his back to the window Jean would have killed him. Murder was in the half-breed's eyes. His pistol was ready. Only Philip's quick turning from the door had saved him. It was evident that Jean had fled from the window as quickly as Philip had run out into the hall. Or, if he had not fled, he was hiding in the gloom of the building. At the thought that Jean might be crouching in the shadows Philip turned suddenly and moved swiftly and silently along the log wall of Adare House. He half expected a shot out of the darkness, and with his thumb pressed down the safety lever of his automatic. He had almost reached his own window when a sound just beyond the pale filter of light that came out of it drew him more cautiously into the pitch darkness of the deep shadow next to the wall. In another moment he was sure. Some other person was moving through the gloom beyond the streak of light.

With his pistol in readiness, Philip darted through the illuminated path. A startled cry broke out of the night, and with that cry his hand gripped fiercely in the deep fur of a coat. In the same breath an exclamation of astonishment came from his own lips as he looked into the white, staring face of Josephine. His pistol arm had dropped to his side. He believed that she had not seen the weapon, and he thrust it in his trousers pocket.

"You, Josephine!" he gasped. "What are you doing here?"

"And you?" she counter demanded. "You have no coat, no hat . . ." Her hands gripped his arm. "I saw you run through the light. You had a pistol."

An impulse which he could not explain prompted him to tell her a falsehood.

"I came out—to see what the night looked like," he said. "When I heard you in the darkness it startled me for a moment, and I drew my pistol."

It seemed to him that her fingers clutched deeper and more convulsively into his arm.

"You have seen no one else?" she asked.

Again he was prompted to keep his secret.

"Is it possible that anyone else is awake and roaming about at this hour?" he laughed. "I was just returning to my room to go to bed, Josephine. I thought that you had forgotten me. And Jean — where is he?"

"We hadn't forgotten you," shivered Josephine. "But unexpected things have happened since we came to Adare House tonight. I was on my way to you. And Jean is back in the forest. Listen!"

From perhaps half a miie away there came the howl of a dog, and scarcely had that sound died away when there followed it the full-throated voice of the pack whose silence Philip had wondered at. A strange cry broke from Josephine.

"They are coming!" she almost sobbed. "Quick, Philip! My last hope of saving you is gone, and now you must be good to me—if you care at all!" She seized him by the hand and half ran with him to the door through which they had entered a short time before. In the great room she threw off her hood and the long fur cape that covered her, and then Philip saw that she had not dressed for the night and the storm. She had on a thin, shimmering dress of white and her hair was coiled in loose golden masses about her head. On her breast, just below her white, bare throat, she wore a single red rose. It did not seem remarkable that she should be wearing a rose. To him the wonderful thing was that the rose, the clinging beauty of her dress, the glowing softness of her hair had been for him, and that something unexpected had taken her out into the night. Before he could speak she led him swiftly through the hall beyond, and did not pause until they had entered through another door and stood in the room which he knew was her room. In a glance he took in its exquisite femininity. Here, too, the bed was set with curtains, and the curtains were closely drawn.

She had faced him now, standing a few steps away. She was deathly white, but her eyes had never met his more unflinchingly, or more beautiful. Something in her attitude restrained him from approaching nearer. He looked at her, and waited. When she spoke her voice was calm and low. He knew that at last she had come to the hour of her greatest fight, and in that moment he was more unnerved than she.

"In a few moments my mother and father will be here, Philip," she said. "The letter Jean brought me back there, where we first saw each other, came up by way of Wollaston House, and told me I need not expect them for a number of weeks. That was what made me happy for a little while. They were in Montreal, and I didn't want them to return. You will understand why—very soon. But my father changed his mind, and almost with the mailing of the letter he and my mother started home by way of Fond du Lac. Only an hour ago an Indian ran to us with the news that they were coming down the river. They are out there now—less than a half mile away—with Jean and the dogs!"

She turned a little from him, facing the bed.

"You remember—I told you that I had spent a year in Montreal," she went on. "I was there—alone—when it happened. Se——"

She moved to the bed and gently drew the curtains aside. Scarcely breathing, Philip followed her.

"It's my baby," she whispered, "My little boy."

He could not see her face. She bowed her head and continued softly, as if fearing to awaken the baby asleep on the bed:

"No one knows — but Jean. My mother came first, and then my father. I lied to them. I told them that I was married, and that my husband had gone into the North. I came home with the baby—to meet this man I called Paul Darcambal, and whom they thought was my husband. I didn't want it to happen down there, but I planned on telling them the truth when we all got back in our forests. But after I returned I found that—I couldn't. Perhaps you may understand. Up here — among the forest people — the mother of a baby—like that—is looked upon as the most terrible thing in the world. She is called La bete noir — the black beast. Day by day I came to realize that I couldn't tell the truth, that I must live a great lie to save other hearts from being crushed as life has been crushed out of mine. I thought of telling the mthat my husband had died up here—in the North. And I was fearing suspicion . . . the chance that my father might learn the untruth of it, when you came. That is all, Philip. You understand now. You know why—some day—you must go away and never come back. It is to save the boy, my father, my mother, and me!"

Not once in her terrible recital had the girl's voice broke. And now, as if bowing herself in silent prayer, she kneeled beside the bed and laid her head close to the baby's. Philip stood motionless, his unseeing eyes staring straight through the log walls and the black night to a city a thousand miles away. He understood now. Josephine's story was not the strangest thing in the world after all. It was perhaps the oldest of all stories. He had heard it a hundred times before, but never had it left him quite so cold pulseless as he was now. And yet, even as the palace of the wonderful ideal he had builded crumbled about him in ruin, there rose up out of the dust of it a thing new-born and tangible for him. Slowly his eyes turned to the beautiful head bowed in its atitude of prayer. The blood began to surge back into his heart. His hands unclenched. She had told him that he would hate her, that he would want to leave her when he heard the story of her despair. And instead of that he wanted to kneel beside her now and take her close in his arms, and whisper to her that the sun had not set for them, but that it had only begun to rise.

And then, as he took a step toward her, there flashed through his brain like a disturbing warning the words with which she had told him that he would never know the real cause of her grief. "You may guess, but you would not guess the truth if you lived a thousand years." And could this that he had heard, and this that he looked upon be anything but the truth? Another step and he was at her side. For a moment all barriers were swept from between them. She did not resist him as he clasped her close to his breast. He kissed her upturned face again and again, and his voice kept whispering: "I love you, my Josephine—I love you—I love you——"

Suddenly there came to them sounds from out of the night. A door opened, and through the hall there came the great, rumbling voice of a man, half laughter, half shout; and then there were other voices, the slamming of a door, and the voice again, this time in a roar that reached to the farthest walls of Adare House.

"Ho, Mignonne—Ma Josephine!"

And Philip held Josephine still closer and whispered:

"I love you!"

CHAPTER X.

Not until the sound of approaching steps grew near did Josephine make an effort to free herself from Philip's arms. Unresisting she had given him her lips to kiss; for one rapturous moment he had felt the pressure of her arms about his shoulders; in the blue depths of her eyes he had caught the flash of wonderment and disbelief, and then the deeper, tenderer glow of her surrender to him. In this moment forgot everything except that she had bared her secret to him, and in baring it had given herself to him. Even as her hands pressed now against his breast he kissed her lips again, and his arms tightened about her.

"They are coming to the door, Philip," she panted, straining against him. "We must not be found like this!"

The voice was booming in the hall again, calling her name, and in a moment Philip was on his feet raising Josephine to him. Her face was still white. Her eyes were still on the verge of fear, and as the steps came nearer he brushed back the warm tresses of her hair and whispered for the twentieth time, as if the words must convince her: "I love you!" He slipped an arm about her waist, and Josephine's fingers nervously caught his hand.

Then teh door was flung open. Philip knew that it was the master of Adare House who stood on the threshold—a great, fur-capped giant of a man who seemed to stoop to enter, and in whose eyes as they met Philip's there was a wild and half-savage inquiry. Such a man Philip had not expected to see; awesome in his bulk, a Thorlike god of the forests, gray bearded, deep-chested, with shaggy hair falling out from under his cap, and in whose eyes there was the glare which Philip understood and which he met unflinchingly.

For a moment he felt Josephine's fingers grip tighter about his own; then with a low cry she broke from him, and John Adare opened his arms to her and crushed his bearded face down to hers as her arms encircled his neck. In the gloom of the hall beyond them there appeared for an instant the thin, dark face of Jean Jacques Croisset. In a flash it had come and gone. In that flash the half-breed's eyes had met Philips, and in them was a look that made the latter take a quick step forward. His impulse was to pass John Adare and confront Jean in the hall. He held himself back, and looked at Josephine and her father. She had pushed the cap from the giant's head and had taken his bearded face between her two hands, and John Adare was smiling down into her white, pleading face with the gentleness and worship of a woman. In a moment he broke forth into a great rumbling laugh, an dlooked over her head at Philip.

"God bless my soul, if I don't almost believe my little girl thought I was coming home to murder her!" he cried. "I guess she thought I'd hate you for stealing her away from me the way you did. I have contemplated disliking you, quite seriously, too. But you're not the sort of looking chap I thought you'd be with that oily French name. You've shown good judgment. There isn't a man in the world good enough for my Jo. And if you'll excuse my frankness, I like your looks!"

As he spoke he held out a hand, and Josephine eagerly faced Philip. A flush grew in her cheeks as the two men shook hands. Her eyes were on Philip, and her heart beat a little quicker. She had not hoped that he would rise to the situation so completely. She had feared that there would be some betrayal in voice or action. But he was completely master of himself, and the color in her face deepened beautifully. Before this moment she had not wholly perceived how splendidly clear and fe arless were his eyes. His long blond hair, touched with its premature gray, was still windblown from his rush out into the night, giving to his head a touch of leonine strength as he faced her father.

Quietly she slipped aside and looked at them, and neither saw the strange, proud glow that came like a flash of fire into her eyes. They were wonderful, these two strong men who were hers. And in this moment they were her own. Neither spoke for a space, as they stood, hand clasping hand, and in that space, brief as it was, she saw that they measured each other as completely as man ever measured man; and that it was not satisfaction alone, but something deeper and moer wonderful to her, that began to show in their faces. It was as if they had forgotten her presence in this meeting, and for a moment she, too, forgot that everything was not real. Moved by an impulse that made her breath quicken, she darted to them and caught their two clasped hands in both her own. Her face was glorious as she looked up at them.

"I'm glad, glad that you like each other," she cried softly. "I knew that it would be so, because——"

The master of Adare House had drawn her to him again. She put out a hand, and it rested on Philip's shoulder. Her eyes turned directly to him, and he alone saw the swift ebbing of the joyous light from them. John Adare's voice rumbled happily, and with his grizzled face bowed in Josephine's hair he said:

"I guess I'm not sorry—but glad, Mignonne." He loked at Philip again. "Paul, my son, you are welcome to Adare House!"

"Philip, Mon Pere," corrected Josephine. "I like that better than Paul."

"And you?" said Philip, smiling straight into Adare's eyes. "I am almost afraid to keep my promise to Josephine. It was that I should call you mon pere, too."

"There was one other promise, Philip." replied Adare quickly. "There must have been one other promise, that you would never take my girl away from me. If you did not swear to that, I am your enemy!"

"That promise was unnecessary," said Philip. "Outside of my Josephine's world there is nothing for me. If there is room for me in Adare House——"

"Room!" interrupted Adare, beginning to throw off his great fur coat. "Why, I've dreamed of the day when there'd be half a dozen babies under my feet. I——" His huge frame suddenly stiffened. He looked at Josephine, and his voice dropped to a hoarse whisper: "Where's the kid?" he asked.

Philip saw Josephine turn at the question. Silently she pointed to the curtained bed. As her father moved toward it she went to the door, but not before Philip had taken a step to intercept her. He felt her shuddering.

"I must go to my mother," she whispered for him alone. "I will return soon. If he asks—tell him that we named the baby after him." With a swift glance in her father's direction seh whispered still lower: "He knows nothing about you, so you can tell him the truth about yourself — except that you met me in Montreal eighteen months ago and married me there."

With this warning she was gone. From the curtains Philip heard a deep breath. When he came to the other's side John Adare stood staring down upon the sleeping baby.

"I came in like a monster and did not wake 'im," he was whispering to himself. "The little beggar!"

He reached out a great hand behind him, gropingly, and it touched a chair. He drew it to him, still keeping his eyes on the baby, and sat down, his huge, bent shoulders doubled over the edge of the bed, his hands hovering hesitatingly over the counterpane. In wonderment Philip watched him, and he heard him whisper again:

"You blessed little beggar!"

Then he looked up sudednly. In his face was the transformation that might have come into a woman's. There was something awesome in its animal strength and its tenderness. He seized one of Philip's hands and held it a moment in a grip that made the other's fingers ache.

"You're sure it's a boy?" he asked anxiously.

"Quite sure," replied Philip. "We have named him John."

The master of Adare House leaned over the bed again. Philip heard him mumbling softly in his thick beard, and very cautiously he touched the end of a big forefinger to one of the baby's tiny fists. Teh little fingers opened, and then they closed tightly about John Adare's thumb. The older man loked again at Philip, and from him his eyes sought Josephine. His voice trembled with ecstacy.

"Where is Josephine?"

"Gone to her mother," replied Philip.

"Bring her — quick!" commanded Adare. "Tell her to bring her mother and wake the kid or I'll yell. I've got to hear the little beggar talk." As Philip turned toward the door he flung after him in a sibilant whisper: "Wait! Maybe you know how to do it——"

"We'd better have Josephine," advised Philip quickly, and before Adare could argue his suggestion he hurried into the hall.

Where he would find her he had no idea, and as he went down the hall he listened at each of the several doors he passed. The door into the big living-room was partly ajar, and he looked in. Teh room was empty. For a few moments he stood silent. From the size and shape of the building whose cutside walls he had followed in his hunt for Jean he knew there must be many other rooms, and probably other shorter corridors leading to some of them.

Just now his greatest desire was to come face to face with Croisset—and alone. He had already determined upon a course of action if such a meeting occurred. Next to that he wanted to see Josephine's mother. It had struck him as singular that she had not accomapnied her husband to Josephine's room, and his curiosity was still further aroused by the girl's aparent indifference to this fact. Jean Croisset and the mistress of Adare House had hung behind when the older man came into the room where they were standing. For an instant Jean had revealed himself, and he was sure that Adare's wife was not far behind him, concealed in the deeper gloom.

To Be Continued.

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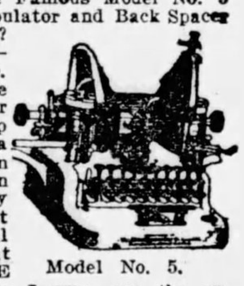

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THE LATEST MARKETS

Toledo, Oct. 16.—The wheat market ruled slightly higher at the close of the first day's trading this week than it did at the beginning of last week. It was also stronger than the close at the last of the past week. The reason for the strength was the Argentine weather news which carried no more encouragement for the bears. Corn was steady with wheat but oats showed a slight weakness from the prices the week before. Chicago wheat was also stronger. There was a falling off of half a cent in the local butter prices with eggs remaining the same. Some varieties of cheese showed an increase. Mill feed was much stronger than the week before, the prices generally increasing from a dollar to two dollars.

Grain.

Toledo—Wheat, cash, $1.60; December, $1.63½; May, $1.65¾. Corn, cash, 91¼c; December 78½c; May 80½c. Oats, cash, 49c; December, 50¼c; May, 53½c. Cloverseed cash, $9.95; October, $9.95; December, $9.75; February, $9.80; March $9.75; April, $9.70; January, $9.77½. Rye, No. 2, cash, $1.28. Alsike, cash, $10.20; October, $10.20; December, $10.30; March, $10.50. Timothy, cash, $2.37½; October, $2.37½; December, $2.45; March, $2.50.

Chicago—Wheat, December, $1.57¾; May, $1.57¾; July, $1.33⅞. Corn, December, 76⅜c; May 78¼c. Oats, December 47⅜c; May, 50¾c.

Minneapolis — Wheat, December, $1.68⅝; May $1.65⅝.

Duluth—Wheat, December, $1.67¾; May, $1.65⅝.

Produce.

Toledo — Butter — Fancy Elgin creamery, 1-lb. prints, 37c; solid pack, 37c; process, per 20-lb. tubs, pails and prints or in 10-lb. tubs, 32c; oleo, 22@26c. Cheese—Choice Michigan, 21@22c; York State, 24c; brick, 24@25c; limburger, New York, 2-lb., 22@23c; Wisconsin, 1-lb., 21@22c; block Swiss, 22@39c; domestic Swiss, 35c; imported, 55c; Roquefort, 65c; Longhorn, 22c. Eggs—Fresh, candled, 34c; strictly fresh, 38c.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 14c; heavy roughs, 11½@12c. Calves, 14@16c. Spring lambs, 15@18c. Fowls—Alive, 17c. Ducks—Alive, 16@18c. Lambs — Yearlings, 12@14c; sheep, 10@12c. Steer Beef—Good, 12@13c; light, 11c; cow beef, extra good, 8@10c. Heifers —11@12c. Bulls, 9@10c.

Lard, 15½c. Bacon—Fat, 10½c; lean 25c; wide, 6 to 8-lbs., 22½c; 8 to 10-lbs., 21½c. Barrel Pork—Clear pork, $28.00; hams, sugar cured, 20c; shoulders, 17c; luncheon sausage, 20c. Fresh pork sausage, 16c; bologna, 14½c; frankfurters, 16½c; garlic sausage, 14½c; dried beef inside, 26c; knuckles, 28c.

Hides—No. 1, 17c; No. 2, 15½c; bulls 14c; green calf—No. 1, 28c; No. 2, 26½c; kip, 23c; No. 2 kip, 20½c; cured hides, No. 1, 19c; No. 2, 17c; sheep pelts, $1.00@1.50; horse hides, $3.50@5.00.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, $13.00; No. 2 timothy, $11.50; light mixed, $12.00; No. 1 mixed, $11.00; No. 1 clover hay, $11.00; oat straw, $8.00.

Flour, feed and salt—Spring wheat flour, per bbl., $9.50; winter patents, $9.00@9.25 per bbl.; family flour, $8.25 @8.50 per bbl.; graham flour, $4.00 per cwt. Mill feed—Per ton, bran, $30.00 @32.00; brown middlings, $32.00@34.00; coarse meal $2.00 per cwt.; chop feed, $36.00@38.00; old process meal, $38.00@40.00; union grains, $35.00@37.00; alfalfa chop, $35.00. Cottonseed meal, $38.00@$40.00. Straw (buying price)—Tight pressed, per ton, $5.00@6.00; loose, bale, 25c. Corn—Shelled, bu., $1.00@1.10; ear corn, per cwt., $1.25@1.35. Oats—55@58c.

Corn Meal—New, kiln dried, 100 lbs. $2.25@2.50. Salt—Michigan common, $1.25 per bbl.; Retsof packing per ton, $8; salt, per bag, 90c; lump stock salt, $21.00 per ton. Scratch feed — 100 lbs. $2.10@2.20; beef scrap, 100 lbs., $3.00@3.25; 60 per cent tankage, $2.85 per 100 lbs.

Chicago—Butter steady; creamery, 30@34½c. Eggs steady; receipts, 4,756 cases; firsts, 30½@31c; ordinary firsts 28½@29½c; at mark, cases included, 22½@29½c. Potatoes steady; Minnesota and Dakota Ohios, $1.20@1.30; Minnesota and Dakota white, $1.20@1.30; Wisconsin and Michigan white, $1.05@$1.20. Poultry, alive, higher, fowls, 17c; springs, 17c.

Cleveland — Butter — Creamery, extras, in solids, 37½@38c; prints, 38½ @39c; first, 36½@37c; seconds, 34@34½c; process, extras, 31½@32c; do., seconds, 30@31½c; dairy, extras, 31@33c; packing stock No. 1, 26c; No. 2, 25c. Oleomargarine—Natural color, in one pound prints, 22c; natural color, low grade, 15½c; white, high grade, 22c; low grade, 16c; pastry, 15½@16c; bakeable, 14½c, solid basis. Cheese—American, whole milk, fancy twins and flats, 20@21c; brick, fancy, 24@25c; Swiss, fancy, 30@32c; blocks, 27@28c; limburger, 19@20c. Eggs—Extras 35c; do. extra firsts, 34c; do first, free cases, 32c; seconds, 27c. Poultry, live fowls, heavy, 18½@19c; do. light, 14½@15c; spring chickens, 18½@19c; spring ducks, 16@18c; geese, 14@17c. Potatoes, choice white (jobbing, in sacks) $1.40@1.45 a bu. Sweet potatoes, $2.15@$2.25; do., 70@75c a hamper.

New York—Flour quiet; spring patents, $8.45@8.75; winter patents, $7.85 @8.10; winter straights, $7.50@7.75; Kansas straights, $7.95@8.20. Pork firm; mess, $30.50@31.50; family, $30.00 @34.00; short clear, $27.00@29.00. Beef quiet; mess, $21.50@22.00; family, $24.00@25.00. Lard steady; middle west, $15.40@15.50. Molasses steady; New Orleans, open kettle, 40@50c. Hay steady: No. 1, $1.05; No. 2, 95c; No. 3, 90c; shipping, 75@85c. Hides firm; Bogota, 34@35c; Central America, 35c. Leather firm; hemlock firsts, 41c; seconds, 39c.

Butter—Receipts, 5,920; creamery, higher than extras, 35½@36c; creamery, extras (92 score), 35c; firsts, 34@34½c; seconds, 33@33½c. Eggs weak; recepits, 9,845; fresh gathered, extra fine, 38@39c; extra firsts, 35@37c; firsts 32@34c; seconds, 29@31c; nearby hennery, whites, fine to fancy, 55@60c; nearby hennery, browns, 43@46c. Cheese easier; receipts, 1,309; state, fresh, specials, 21@21½c; do., average fancy, 20½@20¾c. Live poultry uncertain, no prices settled; dressed firm; chickens, 19@35c; fowls, 17@24c; turkeys, 25@35c.

Live Stock.

Chicago—Hogs—Recipts, 50,000; active; early decline of 15@25c under Saturday's average partly regained; bulk, $9.25@9.80; light, $8.85@9.80; mixed, $9.05@$10.00; heavy, $8.90@9.85; roughs, $8.90@9.15; pigs, $6.50@8.75. Cattle—Receipts, 28,000; weak; native beef cattle, $6.50@11.00; western steers, $6.10@9.25; stockers and feeders, $4.70 @7.65; cows and heifers, $3.40@9.20; calves, $7.00@11.50. Sheep—Receipts, 32,000; firm; wethers, $6.60@8.25; lambs $7.75@$10.45.

Cleveland — Hogs — Receipts, 5,300; Yorkers, $9.55; mixed, $9.60; pigs, $8.90 @9.00. Cattle—Receipts, 60 cars and slow, $8.50. Sheep—Receipts, 15 cars; steady, $7.50. Lambs steady, $10.25. Calves steady, $11.50@12.00.

Pittsburgh — Cattle—Receipts 2,500; steady. Hogs—Receipts, 8,500; lower; prime heavies, $9.95@10.00; heavy mixed, $9.90@9.95; mediums, $9.85@9.90; heavy Yorkers, $9.75@9.90; light Yorkers, $9.25@9.35; pigs, $8.75@9.00; roughs, $7.50@9.25. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 7,000; steady; top sheep, $8.00; top lambs, $11.60. Calves—Receipts, 1,200; lower; top, $12.50.

East Buffalo—Cattle—Receipts 6,000; fairly active; shipping steers, $7.50@10.25; butchers, $6.25@8.75; heifers, $5.00@7.75; cows, $3.75@7.00; bulls, $5.00 @7.00; stockers and feeders, $5.00@7.00; fresh cows and springers, $50@110. Veal—Receipts, 1,400; slow; $4.50 @12.50. Hogs—Receipts, 20,000; active; heavy, $10.00@10.15; mixed, $9.90@$10.00; yorkers, $8.75@8.90; light yorkers, $9.00@9.75; pigs, $8.75@9.00; roughs $8.75@9.00; stags, $7.00@8.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 10,000; active; lambs, $6.50@10.75; yearlings, $5.50@9.00; wethers, $8.00@8.25; ewes, $3.00@7.50; sheep, mixed, $7.50@7.75.

BOLL WEEVIL TO BE DESTROYED

Agriculture Department Believed to Have Found Method of Destroying Pest.

After 12 years of patient scientific investigation, the department of agriculture believes it has at last discovered a method of destroying the boll weevil, the parasite which is reported to have caused this season's cotton crop practically to be a failure.

The department is keeping the new method secret pending final absolute proof of its efficacy. For two years past, tests have shown phenomenal success, according to department officials. One additional year of experimentation is desired before the method is to be given the public with the assurance that it will destroy the curse of the southern planter.

Must Have Hard Winter.

The discovery, if it comes up to expectation, will be in the nick of time; for department cotton experts admit that nothing short of a hard winter will prevent the boll weevil pest from becoming more destructive of cotton next season than this.

"If we have a hard early frost as far south as the gulf coast, great numbers of the parasites will be destroyed," said one expert. "But if the winter be mild, the weevil will multiply prodiciously and prove even a greater burden next season than it has been this year."

Blames 1915 Hurricane.

The enormous destruction of cotton this season, due to the boll weevil directly is in part chargable to the wild hurricane which swept the gulf coast and the southern states in the summer of 1915. Department scientists, who have made a special investigation of the unprecedented spread of the weevil, have reported that the 1915 hurricane, the one which did much damage at Galveston and other Texas and Louisiana cities, sowed millions of weevils like grain over thousands of acres of territory which heretofore has been free of the destructive insect.

Then followed a mild winter and then came spring and summer weather unusually favorable to the parasite, according to the scientists' report. This resulted in the plague of boll weevils, which, by causing a short cotton crop, has sent the price of the staple soaring to a figure which is bound to affect the pocketbooks of ultimate consumers.

Like a Boy at 50 Bubbling Over With Vitality--Taking Iron Did It

Doctor says Nuxated Iron is greatest of all strength builders—Often increases the strength and endurance of delicate, nervous folks 200 per cent. in two weeks time.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of 20 and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact, a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret he said was taking iron—nuxated iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health; at 46 careworn and nearly all in. Now at 50 a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. As I have said a hundred times over, iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only throw away patent medicines and nauseous concoctions and take simple nuxated iron, I am convinced that the lives of thousands of persons might be saved, who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, consumption, kidney, liver and heart trouble, etc. The real and true cause which started their diseases was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous run-down people who were ailing all the while, double their strength and endurance and entirely get rid of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated like nuxated iron if you want it to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete or prizefighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray, while many another has gone down to inglorius defeat simply for the lack of iron.—**E. Sauer, M. D.**

NOTE.—Nuxated Iron, recommended above by Dr. Sauer is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy, in nearly all forms of indigestions, as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron and increase their strength 200 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all druggists.—Advertisement.

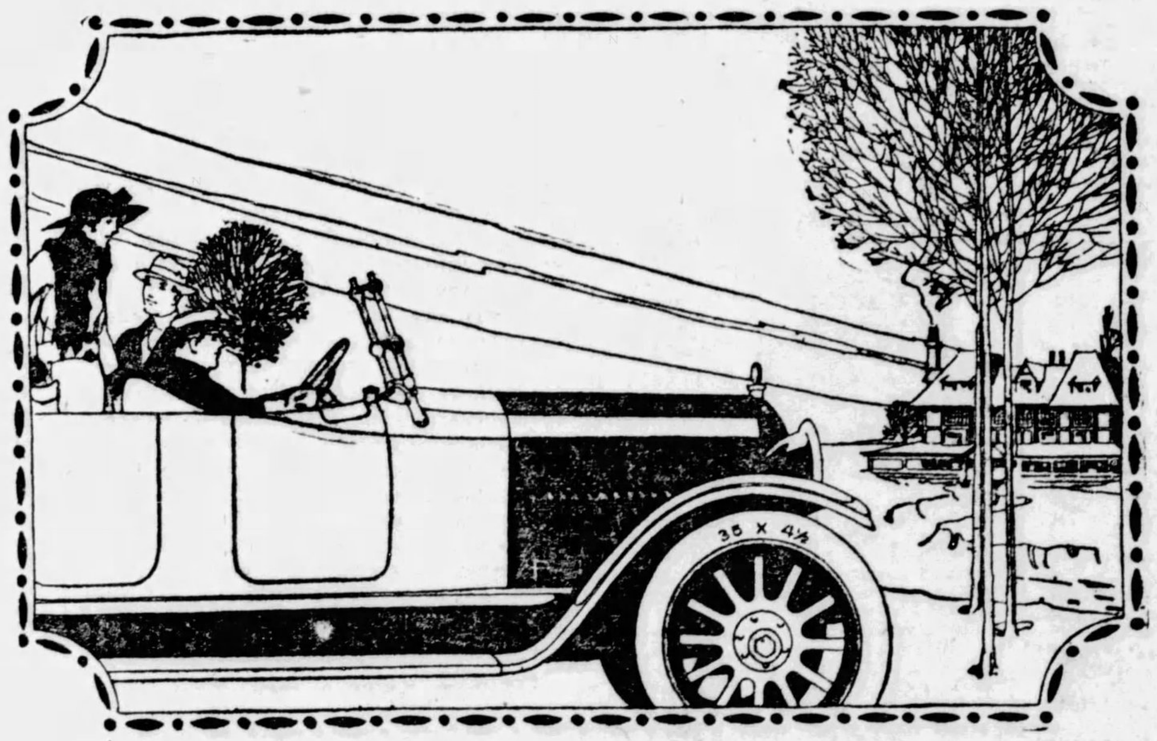
When farm machinery makes a noise there is something wrong. Noise means wear.

It is not at all difficult to convert the owner of a new automobile to the good-roads theory if he is caught at the moment when he is trying to worm his way through a fresh sod improvement, two miles and a half long and running from fence to fence.

Keep the weeds mowed along the roadside for a few years and grass will take their place.

PAIGE

The Standard of Value and Quality



Do You Know of a Better Investment?

If you were entirely satisfied that a certain high grade security would substantially increase in value during the next sixty days—would you purchase it?

Yes?

Well, then, why not consider the Paige Fairfield "Six-46" in precisely the same light?

It is only a matter of *weeks* now before the price of this famous model will be increased.

Do you know of any better way to invest $1375 with absolute certainty of profits in money and personal satisfaction?

As you know, the costs of material and labor have jumped skyward during the past year. To meet this condition, we must charge more for our product—because we positively refuse to sacrifice *quality* no matter what the commodity prices may be.

So, as a clean-cut business proposition, can you afford to overlook such a rare opportunity?

Remember, the Paige Company challenges any manufacturer in the industry to produce a car—within three hundred dollars of the Paige price—which offers as much luxury, comfort and all around dependability as the Fairfield "Six-46". This challenge stands uncontested.

FLEETWOOD "SIX-38" FIVE-PASSENGER $1090 F. O. B. DETROIT
FAIRFIELD "SIX-46" SEVEN-PASSENGER $1375 F. O. B. DETROIT

Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company

Detroit - Michigan

THE FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

The following questions are submitted to the readers for answers. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience which will be the most valuable answers.

I have a cow that is troubled with something in her head or ear. For a while matter runs out of the ear, then it seems to get well, but soon begins running again. Will some Farmstead reader please tell me what to do for it?—P., Virginia.

Bloat in Cattle.

Recently a request was made by a Farmstead reader that remedy for bloat in cattle appearing in these columns be republished. Mrs. Eaton of Michigan has kindly sent the following remedy:

Experiments conducted at the Kentucky station with formaldehyde as a treatment for cattle badly affected with bloat caused by eating too much succulent clover or alfalfa has given very promising returns.

One-half ounce of formalin in one quart of water makes the proper solution for treating bloated animals. After administering the remedy, a block of wood is placed in the animal's mouth to allow the better escape of the gas. In all the cases tried the cows were in normal condition 20 to 25 minutes after the formalin solution was given, even when the animals were badly bloated and in a dangerous condition. Formalin is a trade name for a 40 per cent solution of formaldehyde, and can be secured at any drug store.

W. M. C. of Pennsylvania is kind enough to contribute this remedy which at one time appeared in this department:

Bloat in cattle is caused by eating clover or by gas formed by eating very wet clover. Put a third or one-half cup of soda in a long-nosed bottle and add to it a pint of sweet milk. When everything is ready to pour it down the animal's throat add a half cup of strong vinegar to the mixture. If you can get this remedy down the cow's throat before it falls you can save the animal every time.

Tuberculosis in Cattle.

Tuberculosis is a contagious disease caused by a germ and affects in the majority of cases man and cattle though no other animal is immune. Hogs and chickens are quite often affected with the disease, as well as horses, sheep and goats at times, but cattle are more liable to the disease than other animals. They can suffer from this disease for three or four years and at the same time show no outward signs of having it. When tuberculosis gets into a herd of cattle it travels from one cow to another and the farmer will often suffer many losses.

I don't think there is a diagnosis by which one can tell whether his sow is really suffering from tuberculosis or not as the animal can be badly diseased and at the same time show no ill health. If you have any idea that your cow is suffering from tuberculosis have her tested with tuberculin. That is the only reliable way of finding out. Tuberculosis may attack any organ of the body and there will be symptoms peculiar to that organ. Every time you hear a cow cough you cannot say that she has consumption.

I will give a few tuberculosis symptoms. Your cow is not doing well on the amount of food you are giving her, her coat is rough and harsh, the skin is thick and seems dead. The cow gradually pines away. Coughing takes place only when the disease is on her lungs or attacking other breathing organs. It is not a loud cough, but an infrequent one and may only be heard in the morning when the cow is first taken out. But when it once gets a firm hold on the lungs you may hear the cough at any time The animals do not cough up any thing, as everything is swallowed again, but germs can escape anyhow Tuberculosis may attack the glands of the throat and cause difficult breathing and bloating.

When the udder is attacked hard lumps will form. The spinal cord and brain can become diseased, resulting in paralysis and finally death. Don't forget to watch for this hidden disease for it can be communicated from cattle to man and from man to cattle. Cattle having the disease should be disposed of at once. Sanitation is a great prevention against this horrible disease.—Dr. Fred Harris.

ORCHARD

Making Grafting Wax.

Grafting wax is a very useful article to have about the place, as it may be used for many things, and when needed it is generally needed quickly and one has not the time to make it. It is a good plan to make a quantity and put it away for future use, as it will keep indefinitely and may be used at any time.

Reliable grafting wax is made as follows: Rosin, four pounds or parts; beeswax, two pounds or parts; beef tallow, one pound or part.

Place all the material into an open kettle or boiler and put over the fire, where it should stay until all the materials are well melted and mixed. Be careful not to allow the mixture to catch fire, as it is very inflammable and will burn vigorously. When well melted and mixed, grease the hands thoroughly with tallow and prepare to pull as if it were candy.

To cool so it may be pulled, have a pail of cold water and pour into it a small quantity of the melted wax; as soon as it is cool enough to handle remove from the water and proceed with the pulling. The wax should be pulled until it is a light yellowish white. It may then be wrapped in greased paper and put aside for use.

When using the hands should be greased and the warmth of the hands will make the wax pliable.

To make grafting string or waxed string, get a ball of No. 10 knitting cotton from the dry goods store, and while the wax is melted, before it is poured into the water, drop in the ball of cotton. In a few minutes the ball will be saturated; remove it and set aside to cool and dry. This ball of cotton is thoroughly waxed and when using to bind buds or graft does not have to be tied. Waxed cloth may be made in the same manner. The cloth may be waxed in large pieces or torn into convenient strips before soaked in the melted wax.

Paraffine can be used in place of wax, using one-quarter less quantity.

Storing Apples.

Whether apples are to be held in common storage of the cellar, or in the average cold storage, it is very essential that they be well stored.

Rot spores of the various sorts are abundant everywhere; especially is this the case around the cellar, or other places where apples have been allowed to decay. These spores are ready to enter the apple and begin the work of deterioration at any time that they can gain entrance and for this reason it is important that no breaks be made in the skin of the apple. This means that they should be handled carefully, avoiding punctures by the stems or otherwise. A bruise quite often dries up, and does but little damage. However this depends on the temperature of the apple; if it is warm, fermentation will set up and rot will be the result. Some varities have more resistance to bruise than others, and bruises dry on some varities, more readily than others, but the temperature should be kept cool about the bruised apple, if it is to keep.

Punctures by worms let in the various rot spores and result in poor keeping, therefore it is well to sort out all apples containing worms, bruises and punctures, if the remaining ones are to be expected to keep for a length of time. Very careful handling does much to insure good keeping, and it is very important to cool the apple out quickly after being picked and keep it cool as long as it lasts; even a temperature that will freeze water, will not hurt the keeping qualities of the apple, though the temperature should not reach lower than 30 degrees at any time. A frosted apple should always be "let alone" until the frost has thawed out.

GARDEN

Garden in Fall.

Too many do not take nearly the interest in having good garden plots, or in cultivating and caring for an abundance of all kinds of vegetables throughout the year for family use, as they might or should, claims a writer. To be short of such healthy and valuable products, is as a general thing a bad oversight from one who possess enough ground on which to engage in gardening. Trucking, or the growing of vegetables for the market considering the area of land necessary, has always been considered quite profitable, and I believe a large good garden well-kept and cultivated all things considered, is the most valuable spot on the farm. Not that it brings in a lot of money, but because so much good living is grown so easily and on such a restricted area of ground.

There are so many kinds of vegetables, spring, summer and fall products, that I find about one-half acre should be devoted to their growth on the average farm. Potatoes, sweet corn, tomatoes, melons and cucumbers, if grown in liberal quantities are the kinds of garden crops that make large gardens necessary. Dwarf peas and beans, onions, lettuce, beets, radishes and several other fine garden crops, can be grown in large quantities in very small gardens, but it is the other crops and some more that might be named, that make a family garden really worth while. Often the man in town, or the villager, has but little room for a garden. They necessarily can not engage in growing their own potatoes, sweet corn, etc.

The important fall work I want to call attention to, is to get the garden ground prepared before cold weather sets in. As soon as hard frosts and slight freezes cause the harvesting and putting away of all crops for the season, clear the ground of all stakes, trelises and rubbish, not desired to be turned under, and then spread all over the surface a thick coating of stable manure. Plow the ground then, turning under the manure and such vegetation as is left, so all will rot during the winter months. If this process of fertilization is resorted to annually for a term of years, a garden becomes very rich—not only fertile, but the soil gets loose, mellow and easily worked.

If this fall manuring and plowing it under is done while much of the weeds and grass are still green and the seed crops immature, very many noxious weeds can be prevented the coming season.

When spring arrives a garden manured and plowed early in autumn will be found very rich and mellow, and it will well pay one to go to such trouble.

LIVE STOCK

Keeping Flies Away.

There is probably nothing that will keep flies away from live stock to the extent that they will not be more or less irritated by them.

Most of the coal tar products used for "dips" to kill external parasites are useful when used over the body, well diluted, and applied from a spray pump. Oil of tar or pine tar can often be used to advantage in protecting places that have become sore from the irritation of flies.

The following mixture has usually given as much satisfaction as any other: Synthetic oil of sassafras, four ounces; lard, or neatsfoot oil, two pints, and crude petroleum enough to make one gallon. This will cost about $1 a gallon.

A less expensive mixture and one that will not need to be applied as often as the other is as follows: Fish oil 100 parts, oil of tar 50 parts and crude carbolic acid 1 part.

The best way to "swat the fly" is before he is born. Allowing piles of manure to accumulate in the stables and yards, for flies to breed in, and then applying some kind of "dope" to keep flies away from the animals, is inconsistent, to say the least.—G. H. Glover, Colorado Agricultural College.

Grooming Horses.

The old saying that "grooming is half the feeding," as applied to the farm work horses still holds true. The sweat glands of the horse eliminates from the body in a 24-hour period, according to Dr. H. H. Havner of the Pennsylvania State College School of Agriculture and Experiment Station, an amount of waste material equal to that excreted from the digestive tract. If those glands become clogged by sweat particles and dirt a very important waste channel is closed.

In addition to keeping the sweat glands open and the body in good working order, grooming improves the quality of the hair and the general condition of the animal. Feeding alone will not put a colt in proper shape, but proper grooming, together with feeding will go far toward making a good animal.

Cut Feed Bills.

"Forestall the big feed bills and lean cattle in the southern states this winter by cutting all available grass plots about the farm for hay," says J. R. Ricks of the Mississippi experiment station. "Indications are that many concentrates will be high-priced this fall. Even a poor quality of hay has as much feeding value as cottonseed hulls, and cows will readily eat it in the winter months."

Mr. Ricks suggests that now is a good time to make loafing acres give good returns by cutting off the crab grass. water grass or other volunteer grass crop and saving it for winter forage. Where Johnson grass grows well there is sure to be a good hay crop, and many native grasses make excellent hay, which may be saved at a minuimum cost. Leaving the value of the hay out of consideration, it is worth while to cut the grass and weeds off the soil, because this leaves it in better shape for planting small grains and clovers this fall.

DAIRY

Butter Making.

"An Ohio dairyman wishes to know where he fails in butter-making," says Farm and Fireside. He uses a cream separator, ripens it at a temperature of 75 degrees for two days, and churns at 58 degrees. He gets excellent butter, but a very small quantity and the buttermilk is rich like cream.

"This difficulty may be due to a number of causes, such as feeding too much cottonseed meal, which hardens the fat globules, lack of enough lactic-acid bacteria to ripen the cream sufficiently, or too warm wash water, which softens the fat and allows it to waste.

In view of these points the remedy will suggest itself. One of the simplest practical means of hastening ripening is to use buttermilk from a previous churning. The buttermilk is already rich in the lactic-acid bacteria which ripen cream, and if one part of buttermilk is used to ten of cream, the cream will ripen more thoroughly and quickly. The buttermilk should be of good quality."

Milk for Calves.

Separator milk is not a balanced ration for calves. On this feed alone, and the way it is usually given to them they are liable to get indigestion as shown by a bloated condition, capricious appetite and diarrhoea. Most of this trouble can be avoided by adding a handful of oil meal, corn meal or cottonseed meal, to supply, in a way, the fat that has been removed in the skimming. The milk should be given to them warm and never when it is frothy. Never allow a calf to drink all of the milk that it wants at one meal. It is bad practice to allow several calves to drink out of one trough, some of them will get too much. Care in feeding calves is of vastly more importance than "cures" for calf scours.—Geo. H. Glover, Col. Ag. Col.

Green Food for Cows.

The dairy cow must have green forage or other succulence at all times if she is to hold up her milk production. It is not uncommon for many cows to drop in their milk flow during hot, dry weather, but this can be prevented by providing something to take the place of pasture.

The silo is the best means for furnishing this succulence. According to Professor A. B. Nystrom, dairy husbandman of the Washington experiment station, excellent silage can be made from corn, wheat, oats and barley, or clover, peas and vetch, or, in fact, any combination of these. By putting these crops in the silo at stages ranging from the milk stage in the case of small cereals to the dented stage in the case of corn, the largest amount of nutrients can be saved and the crop can be harvested with the least amount of labor. In other words, the silo saves both feed and labor.

When no silo is available these crops should be cut green and fed to cows in racks or in the stable mangers. Such a practice is called soiling. This method is not as economical as the silo method, but rather than have no succulence soiling should by all means be practiced.

It should be remembered that the cow producing a large amount of milk must have succulence, hay and grain, and the most important of these is succulence.

POULTRY

Poultry Reap Buckwheat.

One advantage the farmer has over the specialist in the poultry business is that the farm flock can have more or less free range and can thus utilize feed that would otherwise be wasted, says one man. I find it often pays to plant crops especially for the chickens to harvest as they want it. They thus get both food and exercise with an opportunity to select foods according to their own tastes. For this purpose I find buckwheat an excellent crop. If sown in June it will ripen late in August. If sown in July or August it will ripen before frost in my section (West Virginia) and will furnish a rich feeding ground for the poultry throughout the fall.

Last year we sowed nearly three acres of buckwheat on a wheat stubble, turned after harvest, where it was handy for the poultry. We had a flock of nearly 100 hens and pullets besides about 20 guineas. They ranged over the buckwheat, and were in excellent condition when winter set in. The hens continued to lay until late in the fall; then commenced laying again in January. We harvested about one-third of the crop and let the chickens do the remainder. Clover and timothy were sown with the buckwheat and the chickens got green clover at any time during the winter when the ground was bare

Many of our pullets hatched rather late, and of course did not commence laying until spring opened. We wintered 90 hens and pullets. Here is our egg yield for three months after the pullets got to laying: February, 626 eggs; March, 1,090 eggs; April 1,278.

The indications are that they will produce as many eggs in May as they did in April, and on free range and only very moderate feeding.

Oregon Breed.

A new breed of poultry has come out from the west and demands the attention of practical poultry keepers. The Oregons being the name of the new breed, it is hardly necessary to say that it had its origin in the state of Oregon. The crossing of White Leghorns and Barred Plymouth Rocks produced the original Oregons, which have been bred up to the present type by introducing much more Leghorn blood. Prof. James Dryden, of the Oregon Agricultural College, where the work was done, says that egg production was the first consideration in the making of the new breed, but that another purpose was to develop an all-round type of bird that would meet the market demands. The Plymouth Rocks are good table fowls and some strains are excellent layers, but the average consumer wishes a smaller sized bird. More chickens would be consumed, Prof. Dryden thinks, if the purchaser could always find a bird that would suit his pocketbook and yet have more meat qualities than the Leghorn. The Oregon is medium in weight between the Leghorn and the Plymoth Rock, making it a good general purpose fowl. At the same time, its laying qualities are very high. Several hens of the new breed have records of over 300 eggs in a year. This tendency to heavy egg production is not simply the result of crossing two established breeds, however, but results from the selection of heavy layers as breeding stock trap nests having been used as a basis.

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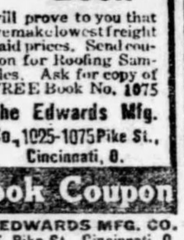

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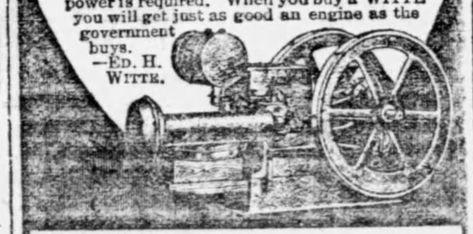

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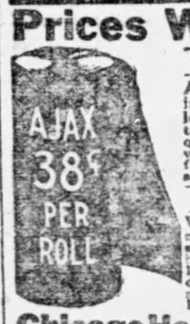

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U. S. Millionaires.

Please give a list of the American multi-millionaires in this department.—C. W. G., Besterlo, N. Y.

We cannot give a list of all the American multi-millionaires as it would take too much space, but here is a partial list of the best known:

The most prominent American multi-millionaire families are the Vanderbilts, Goulds, Astors, Rockefellers, Morgans, Mackays, Havemeyers, Fields, Lorillards, Carnegies, Armours, Harrimans, du Ponts, Belmonts, Whitneys, Leiters and Goelets. Living male representatives of these families are Cornelius Vanderbilt, Reginald C. Vanderbilt, William K. Vanderbilt, William K. Vanderbilt, jr., Harold S. Vanderbilt, Frederick W. Vanderbilt, George Jay Gould, Kingdon Gould, Jay Gould, Edwin Gould, Howard Gould, Frank Jay Gould, William Waldorf Astor, John Jacob Astor, William Vincent Astor, John D. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller, John D. Rockefeller, jr., William G. Rockefeller, Percy Avery Rockefeller, John Pierpont Morgan, jr., Junius Spencer Morgan, Clarence H. Mackay, John Craig Havemeyer, John Francis Havemeyer, James Craig Havemeyer, Hector H. Havemeyer, Arthur Havemeyer, Raymond Havemeyer, Marshall Field, jr., Marshall Field, III., Henry Field, Pierre Lorillard, jr., Jacob Lorillard, Louis L., George L., Beekman, Ernest E., and Jacob Lorillard, jr., Pierre Lorillard, III., Griswold L. Lorillard, Andrew Carnegie, Jonathan Ogden Armour, Philip Danforth Armour, William Averell Harriman, Edward Roland Noel Harriman, August Belmont, August Belmont, jr., Raymond Belmont, Morgan Belmont, Harry Payne Whitney, Payne Whitney, Cornelius V. Whitney, Joseph Leiter, Robert Walton Goelet and Robert Goelet.

Nickel Plating.

I would like to know how to nickel plate and would appreciate it if you could publish a good method.—P. T. B., Tophet, W. Va.

The following is a method of nickel plating: Into the plating vessel, which may be of porcelain, but preferably of copper, is placed a concentrated solution of choride of zinc, which is then diluted with from one to two volumes of water, and heated to boiling. If any precipitate separates, it is to be redissolved by adding a few drops of hydrochloric acid. As much powdered zinc as can be taken on the point of a knife is thrown in, by which the vessel becomes covered with a coating of zinc.

The nickel salt, for which purpose either the chloride or the sulphate may be used, is then added until the liquid is distinctly green, and the articles to be plated, previously thoroughly cleaned, are introduced, together with some zinc fragments. The boiling is continued for 15 minutes, when the coating of nickel is completed, and the process is finished. The articles are well washed with water and cleaned with chalk.

Gunpowder Recipe.

Please publish in these columns a recipe telling how to make gunpowder giving the exact proportions of the various ingredients.—R. E. L., Glen Easton, W. Va.

To make gunpowder the following is a good recipe: Pulverize separately 76 parts of nitrate of potassa, 11 of sulphur and 13 of freshly burned charcoal, and mix them well with water so as to form a cake when rolled out on a board. This is then dried on a clean sheet of paper, placed in a warm situation, and afterwards crumbled into grains. It will form pulverized gunpowder. The pulverized ingredients thoroughly mixed, without the addition of any water, constitute what is called meal powder.

Andorra.

Will you kindly tell something about the country of Andorra and the inhabitants?—J. R. E., Rogers, Ohio.

Andorra is a small, neutral, semi-independent state on the Franco-Spanish frontier, and chiefly on the peninsular side of the eastern Pyrenees. In 1900 its population amounted to about 5,500 and its area about 175 square miles. It is surrounded by mountains, and comprises one main valley watered by the Gran Balira, Valira or Balire, a tributary of the Segre, which itself flows into the Ebro. The climate is generally cold with very severe winters. The land is chiefly devoted to pasture for the numerous flocks and herds, but on the more sheltered southern slopes it is carefully cultivated, producing grain, potatoes, fruit and tobacco. Game and trout are plentiful. The industries are of the most primitive kind, being merely domestic as in the middle ages. Lack of capital, coal and transportation prevents the inhabitants from making use of the iron and lead in the mountains.

The Andorrans are a robust and well-proportioned race, of an independent spirit, simple and severe in their manners. They are all Roman Catholics. Apart from the wealthier landowners who speak French fluently and send their children to be educated in France, they use the Catalan dialect of Spain. The country is divided into six parishes, each presided over by two consuls and a local council. The general internal administration of the state is accomplished by a council general of 24 members, four from each parish. A general syndic, with two inferior syndics, chosen by the council general, constitute the supreme executive power of the state.

Corra Harris.

Can the Questions and Answers department give me a description of the life of Corra Harris?—F. E. D., Castlewood, Va.

Corra May Harris, the author, was born at Farm Hill, Ga., March 17, 1869. She was educated at home and in 1887 married Rev. Lundy Howard Harris, who died in 1910. Mrs. Harris began writing for the Independent in 1899; she was a contributor of "Brasstown Valley Stories" to the American magazine in 1905-09. She is the author of The Circuit Rider's Wife, Eve's Second Husband, The Recording Angel and others.

Pork Barrel Legislation.

Please give an explanation of pork barrel legislation in these columns.—L. H., Perrysville, Ind.

Pork is a term used in politics to designate the spoils of legislation. It is also called log rolling. A member of a legislative body will sometimes find it impossible to pass some bill in which he is interested. Under these circumstances the necessary support is often secured by promising support to the pet measures of other members similarly circumstanced in regard to their own bills. This is called log rolling, because it alludes to the custom of men in cutting timber, to aid each other in rolling heavy logs from the forest to the water. By this means some of the most extravagant rivers and harbors bills have been passed, each member refusing to vote for the bill, necessary in some of its provisions, unless the improvements asked for by his particular locality be granted.

Booker T. Washington.

I would like to have you publish in this department a short sketch of the life of Booker T. Washington.—J. M. B., Sattville, Va.

Booker Taliaferro Washington, the American negro educator, was born near Hale's Ford, Franklin county, Va., about 1858, and died in December, 1915. After the Civil war he went to Malden, W. Va., where he worked, first in a salt furnace and afterward in a coal mine. He obtained some education at the night school there. He entered the Hampton Normal and Agricultural institute in 1872, studying there three years. He then taught school for two years at Malden, afterward entering the Wayland seminary at Washington, D. C., for further study.

In 1879 he was made an instructor at Hampton. He had charge of the work of the Indian pupils, then being experimentally introduced into the institution, and established the night school as a regular and successful feature of the institute. The citizens of Tuskegee, Ala., applied to Gen. S. C. Armstrong of Hampton to start at that place an institution on the plan of Hampton.

In 1881 Washington was selected by Armstrong for the purpose of starting the institution. The state legislature had granted an appropriation for the annual payment of the teachers' salaries, but the school existed in name only, being without land, building or credit. Washington with himself as the only instructor, opened the school with an enrollment of 30 in an old church and shanty. Later he purchased a plantation about a mile from Tuskegee and removed the school thither to its present site.

Washington became well known as a public speaker. He organized the National Negro Business league at Boston in 1900. Among his writings are The Future of the American Negro and Up From Slavery.

Workmen's Compensation.

Please tell about the workmen's compensation laws in the various states.—A. R., Rock Falls, Ill.

In most countries other than the United States it has been accepted that the cost of protection against industrial injuries should be charged upon industry and be borne by the consumer like other costs of production. The common law of employers' liability has been superseded by workmen's compensation acts which compel the employer to indemnify his workmen for injuries not caused by wilful misconduct of the victim himself. There has taken place in recent years no stronger movement of constructive legislation than that toward a radical reform of the law of employers' liability. Commissions appointed by the legislatures of leading industrial states have made careful studies into the legal, economic and social problems involved and have recommended radical departures from the pre-existing common law principle of employers' liability based on fault. The principle of compensation, which has been substituted involves: First, payments for injuries or death, irrespective of fault or negligence, except where caused by wilful misconduct; second, a benefit payable, bearing a direct relation to the former earning capacity, subject to minimum and maximum amounts, and not intended to give full indemnity; third, payment of the benefit in periodical installments; fourth, denial of compensation during a brief initial period, in order to eliminate the great mass of insignificant injuries, but liberal provision for medical treatment; fifth, encouragement of arbitration; sixth, abrogation of the right of action at common law except where the fault of the employer is aggravated. The compensation may be provided for either through an obligation falling on the employer of the injured person or through insurance.

Military Strength.

Please give the military strength of the various countries now engaged in the European war at the time hostilities began and how many men have been lost by each country.—V. R., Marble, N. C.

We cannot give the losses that the different countries have suffered because of the war as there are no available statistics which are definite.

The total war strength of Germany is 5,400,000; France, 5,300,000; Russia, 5,000,000; Austria-Hungary, 3,600,000; Italy, 3,380,000; Great Britain, 3,000,000; Japan, 1,500,000; Belgium, 350,000; Portugal, 260,000; Bulgaria, 500,000; Serbia, 355,455; Turkey, 1,100,000 Montenegro, 35,000; Rumania, 580,000.

The total available unorganized strength of the same nations is as follows: Germany, 8,162,400; France, 2,620,302; Russia, 29,419,920; Austria-Hungary, 6,376,466; Italy, 3,739,357; Great Britain, 7,427,000; Japan, 8,239,372; Belgium, 1,164,277; Portugal, 871,476; Bulgaria, 367,503; Serbia, 554,143; Turkey, 3,174,780; Montenegro, 68,200; Rumania, 921,602.

Helen Hunt Jackson.

Will you please publish a biographical sketch of Helen Hunt Jackson?—A. W., Buselton, Pa.

Helen Marie Fiske was the daughter of Prof. N. W. Fiske of Amherst college. She was born in Amherst, Mass., Oct. 18, 1831, and died in San Francisco, August 13, 1885. In October, 1852, she was married to Capt. Edward B. Hunt, an officer of the engineer corps of the regular army. He was killed while experimenting with a submarine battery at the navy yard in Brooklyn in 1863. Mrs. Hunt became known as a writer over the signature of "H. H."

In 1875 she married William S. Jackson, and spent much of her time thereafter in Colorado Springs, where her husband was a banker. She became actively interested in the treatment of the Indians by the United States government and strove to better their condition. In 1883 she was appointed special commissioner to examine into the condition of the Mission Indians in California, and while thus engaged she studied the history of the early Spanish missions. From her deathbed she wrote a pathetic appeal to the president with reference to "righting the wrongs of the Indian race."

She was buried near the summit of Cheyenne mountain, four miles from Colorado Springs, in a place of her own choosing, but the reckless vandalism of tourists was such that the body was removed to a grave in Evergreen cemetery, Colorado Springs, where it now rests.

Miscellaneous.

C. W. M., Randolph, N. Y.—An explanation of the widows' pension law recently passed was published in the issue of Oct. 5.

G. L. C., Turtlepoint, Pa.—There are no statistics available whereby we can give the names of leading men who began life on the farm.

C. O. C., Barnes Corners, N. Y.—Write to the Bobbs-Merrill Co. at Indianapolis, Ind., for the information you want concerning Riley's works.

I. S., Long, W. Va.—It is our opinion that no state allows a man to marry his niece. Second cousins can marry in West Virginia.

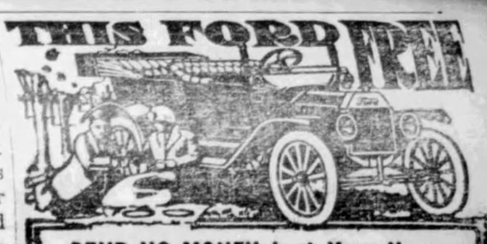
J. B., Milford, Ind.—We have no biographical sketch of William Dewart, and so are unable to answer your question.

C. H. J., Langsville, Ohio.—We cannot give the process the Indians used in mixing their different colored paints, but they probably obtained the ingredients from different herbs.

J. C., Cisco, Ga.—G. O. P. is the abbreviation used to designate the Republican party. The letters stand for the grand old party.

World But a Tiny Sphere After All

To the people who inhabit it the earth is a large planet but it actually cuts a pretty small figure in space. John Brashear, scientist and astronomer, writing in the American magazine says: "Most folks consider this old world a pretty big place, but if you tossed a cube 1-7000th of an inch in diameter into Lake Erie, it would occupy the same relative space in that inland sea that our earth occupies in a universe terminating at the nearest star, Alpha Centauri, and extending a similar distance from our sun in all directions. Such a universe contains 15,625 decilion miles, but it is only an infinitesimal dot in the actual universe."



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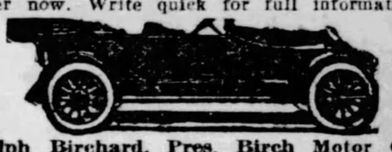

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OUR PEACE PAGE

A PLAYHOUSE FOR MOTHER

MARTHA HOLDEN

Let's scamper away to the cozy corner or somewhere where mother can't hear us—mothers have the "list eningest" ears, and this is to be a "sprise."

Well, once upon a time, I lived in the very next tree to a family of squirrels. You should have seen them busily storing up their winter nuts. Not to be out-done in "preparedness," I laid in a supply of freshly gathered ideas, ripened by sun and wind and wholesome living—and this is the very first one I am going to crack. Inside the shell of my thoughts is a PLAYHOUSE for MOTHER. It's lots nicer and not nearly so absurd as it sounds.

Of course you will have to bring Father into the secret—but he's just a boy, too, way inside, a boy that would whistle as blithely as ever if he could only see the roses blooming in Mother's cheeks, the tired wrinkles all smoothed out and the light of her Dolly Days in her eyes again. Now wouldn't he?

Perhaps I would better tell you how that "funny" idea of a playhouse for mother ever began to grow and then, if you like it, you may prune it down for your use or let it grow into a bigger, better idea of your own.

A very lovely lady from the west built a log cabin at the edge of a sleepy little town in Michigan, and there, each year, came an equally lovely lady from the east. They planned to spend their summers simply, healthfully and studiously, but there were always so many friends who needed just that sort of rest. It was their joy to welcome these tired ones to Little Cabin, but it sadly interfered with their study and quiet hours and their guests could not have the complete freedom from a sense of duty and responsibility which means perfect rest.

About 200 feet down a rustic pathway they have built a little tent-like house that they call their "Guest Room."

Their own hands have fashioned all its dainty appointments and, although not trained for such work, have stained (not painted) it, inside and out, and have built an artistic rail of tree branches, where the path is steep and—oh, all sorts of thoughful loving things!

It nestles among the trees, as much a part of the natural scenery, almost, as the nests of the wild birds all around it. Three sides are open down to window-sill height, and canvas curtains roll down to keep it from being storm-swept. It is protected, too, by wide eaves that give it the appearance of a Japanese tea house Black cotton netting is stretched over the openings. The side toward the road is opened down about 1½ feet below the protecting eaves and is also screened and canvassed. Hangings of cheap, washable cretonne curtain off the small bedroom (there are no other partitions) and are used in making the screen which helps to form the tiny kitchenette with wall pockets and place for hanging clothes. This particular playhouse was electrically wired, but a small alcohol hot plate would answer quite as well for cooking light breakfasts. The guests, as well as hostesses, took other meals at a farm house close by. None of the furniture was valuable, but chosen and placed artistically. The daintiest perkiest, most bride-like of little sewing tables was built of a cheese box and cover, painted white and lined with chintz, the bags, tied to the legs, concealing an astonishing number of unsightly necessities.

The demands on mother's time and patience are endless and nerve-racking. While I sat just taking in the peace and healing of the little nest in the woods, how fervently I wished that my little mother, who is no longer here, had had a playhouse—some little nook all her own, where she could steal away and listen to the birds and all the sounds of nature, with her hands quiet; with no imperative voice to summon, or duty to perform. Free to have her friends with her, without the added duties of entertaining summer visitors, too much for her frail strength.

"And I'd have stillness all around, not real stillness, but just the trees' low whispering, or the hum of bees or brooks faint babbling over stones in strangely, softly tangled tones."

The curtains, the canvas, the desirable sewing table, the inexpensive little Japanese toweling lunch cloths and napkins and any number of things, may be made during the winter. Then early in the spring, when Father can spare the time to build, or the small amount of money to have built, the better bungalow, wouldn't it to be fun to put all the dainty things in place? The stain on the walls and floor exterior is highly applied to show the grain, so much more artistic and just as much of a protection to the wood.

Isn't there some place close by, some shady beautiful spot for mother's playhouse or your own summer guest room?

Down a shady woodland pathway,
In a frame of lovely green,
A little tent-like building
From our doorway may be seen.
The river ripples quietly
Along the banks below,
Where wild flowers bloom all summer long—
'Tis mother's bungalow.

The rooms are there in number,
The hangings blue and white,
Three sides are open to the breeze
All through the summer night.
The squirrels scamper on the roof,
And, singing soft and low,
The birds come in the morning
To mother's bungalow.

And then do you know what I'd do? I'd mentally place over the door the motto: "Who enters here leaves fret behind."

Then I'd never go near the play house with the buttons off my clothes resting heavily on my mind. I'd just throw demands and buttons to the winds. Mothers can be the best playmates in the wold—if you'll let them.

one to enjoy perfect happiness in this life or entire freedom from care.

We are exhorted to be regularly happy in the Bible. In other words we are exhorted to be regularly happy despite our troubles. This is a condition that must be attained and maybe it will be harder for some than for others. Some are temperamentally inclined to be happy, while others are not. Isaiah was an optimist, while Jeremiah and Thomas were pessimists by nature. Happiness may be largely a natural gift due to temperament, or it may be an acquired grace, or it may be both.

Let me impress this one truth on the readers forever, that the one thing and the only thing that ever did or ever will or ever can bring real, regular and enduring happiness to the human soul, either in this life or in another, is love. It is the one thing that can and it is the only thing that can. I don't care what else you trust in for happiness, whether wealth, knowledge, culture, philosophy, poetry or all other things combined, you will be building on sand. The "long and the short of it" is that only love can bring down the golden fruit.—Nemo, Tenn.

Now you've said it. Love is the fulfilling of the law that makes happiness.—M. H.

Sunday Rest.

I am going to tll the Peace Page readers what Rev. William Parsons considers a sensible Sabbath rest. I am state superintendent of Sunday schools in Oregon, and think these suggestions can be incorporated in good Sunday school work.

Rev. Parsons advises an hour extra sleep in the morning, a little more leisurely performance of necessary tasks, a little lighter breakfast, an hour of religious and mental activity, family devotions and study of God's word. Spend two and a half hours in God's house and eat a light dinner in a leisurely manner. Spend the afternoon as differently from the week day as possible without strain of any sort or imposing labor upon others. It may be a nap, or a walk, a quiet visit, a drive or a bit of reading, it matters not. It's the reverent, resting spirit that gains the blessing and counts the most. Eat a light supper and spend an hour or two in church, going to bed an hour earlier than usual. This formula will come as nearly to meeting the needs, if not the whims, of the average man or woman as any rule could. It is scientific as well as religious.

Rev. Parsons says that pleasures are not rest, but as a rule are the most enervating and exhausting of life's activities. What you need and what you want do not always coincide. They do in a matured saint, but not in children. These suggestions may be helpful to the rest of the Peace Page family.—Mrs. Carrie Day, Ore.

A Soldier's Daughter.

I have noticed in the Peace Page some letters from soldiers telling of their battle days and of their present whereabouts. I would be glad to hear from more of them. We realize their ranks are thinning very fast and soon they will answer the last roll call and receive their discharge, going home to Father's house to meet loved ones gone on before. May the circle be unbroken in the skies.

My father was a soldier in the Civil war. He enlisted in Co. K, 7th O. V. I. under Captain Higley of Rutland, Ohio. John Guyer was first lieutenant, Thomas Brunker, second. Mr Guyer was wounded and sent to his home at Pomeroy, Ohio.

Captain Higley was killed at Blue Springs, East Tennessee. Father was on the Morgan raid, and in several important battles, but was never in prison nor in a hospital. Most of his war days were spent in the south. He was honorably discharged on July 5, 1865, lacking a few days of being in service three years. I have heard father relate thrilling events of army life. One especially he told when I was a little girl and I can never forget it. It was of the blue and the gray becoming stampeded. As father was marching on horseback, a young man in gray passed by his side looking up so defenseless and innocent. Father passed right on with his saber unstained with the blood of some mother's boy.—A. P., Long Bottom, Ohio.

A Surprise.

I do like your letter, Mountain Crank, but I do not like your name. I am sure that it doesn't suit you at all for your letter does not read as if a crank had written it. I believe the world would be much better if there were more old maids.

I want to tell the Blade friends what a lovely time we had one day this month. My sister-in-law gave a lovely birthday party for her husband and his sister, whose birthday comes at the same time. She prepared a six o'clock dinner, and everything that is good to eat was placed on the table. Forty-eight guests were present. I will have my sister-in-law guessing who wrote this letter when she sees it in print, for she has quite a number of sister-in-laws. I will not tell her.—Heartsease, West Virginia.

POETS' CORNER

At Church Next Sunday.

If I knew you and you knew me,
How little trouble there would be!
We pass each other on the street,
But just come out and let us meet
At church next Sunday.

Each one intends to do what's fair,
And treat his neighbor on the square;
But he may not quite understand
Why you don't take him by the hand
At church next Sunday.

This world is sure a busy place,
And we must hustle in the race;
For social hours some are not free
The six week days, but all should be
At church next Sunday.

We have an interest in our town,
The dear old place must not go down;
We want to push good things along,
And we can help some if we're strong
At church next Sunday.

Don't knock and kick and slam and slap
At everybody on the map,
But push and pull and boost and boom,
And use up all the standing room
At church next Sunday.

Two Seeds.

I hid a selfish little thought,
To think and think about;
I did not know it would be caught,
Or even be found out.
But it was like a little seed,
And it began to sprout;
It grew into a little weed,
And blossomed in a pout.

I hid another little thought,
'Twas pleasant, sweet and kind;
So, if this time it should be caught
I knew I shouldn't mind.
I thought about it, hour by hour,
'Twas growing all the while,
It blossomed in a lovely flower,
A happy little smile.

This Very Minute.

Lose this day loitering—'twill be the same story
Tomorrow—and the next more dilatory;
Then indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days.
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute—
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it.
Courage has genius, power and magic in it.
Only engage and then the mind grows heated—
Begin it and the work will be completed.

Poems Wanted.

Gypsy's Warning.
"Man wants but little here below."
Tippecanoe and Tyler, Too.
McKinley's campaign song, to Mrs. F. M. Perry, Grand Blanc, Mich.
Van Winkle Kept a Country Store.
"Young Godfrey Keith was my first beau."
Why I Never Got Married.
Lasca, to Twila Beatty, Corsica, Pa.
The Last Sigh of the Moor.

NEW YORK WOMAN TALKS POLITICS BETWEEN ACTS

A novel phase of the campaign of the Woman's party developed in Chicago when Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer of New York spoke for 15 minutes between acts of a popular play at a theatre. She urged her hearers to vote against President Wilson on the grounds that the national administration has consistently opposed a constitutional amendment enfranchising women.

The Perfect State.

Robert Buchanan.

Where is the perfect state
Early most blest and late,
Perfect and bright?
'Tis where no palace stands
Trembling on shifting sands
Morning and night.
'Tis where the soil is free.
Where, far as eye may see,
Scattered o'er hill and lea
Homesteads abound;
Where clean and broad and sweet
(Market, square, lane and street,
Belted by leagues of wheat).
Cities are found.

Where is the perfect state,
Unvexed by Wrath and Hate,
Quiet and just?
Where to no form of creed
Fettered are thought and deed,
Reason and trust?
'Tis where the great free mart
Broadens, while from its heart
Forth the great ships depart
Blown by the wind;
'Tis where the wise men's eyes,
Fixed on the earth and skies,
Seeking for signs, devise
Good for mankind.

Blue Bell.

By Edward Madden.

Blue Bell, the dawn is waking,
Sweetheart, you must not sigh—
Blue Bell, my heart is breaking,
I've come to say good-bye.
Hear how the bugle's calling,
Calling to each brave heart—
Sweetheart, your tears are falling,
Blue Bell, we two must part.

Chorus.

Good-bye, my Blue Bell, farewell to you,
One last, fond look into your eyes so blue.
'Mid campfires gleaming, 'mid shot and shell,
I will be dreaming of my own Blue Bell.

Blue Bell, they are returning,
Each greets a sweetheart true,
Blue Bell, your heart is yearning,
Never a one greets you;
Sadly they tell the story,
Tell how he fought and fell,
No thought of fame or glory,
Only of his Blue Bell.

For an Autograph.

By James Russell Lowell.

Though old the thought and oft expressed,
Tis his at last who says it best,
I'll try my fortune with the rest.

Life is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.

"Lo, time and space enough," we cry,
To write an epic," so we try
Our nibs upon the edge, and die.

Muse not which way the pen to hold,
Luck hates the slow and loves the bold,
Soon comes the darkness and the cold.

Greatly begin! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime—
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

Ah, with what lofty hope we came!
But we forget it, dream of fame,
And scrawl, as I do here, a name.

Under-the-Table Manners.

It's very hard to be polite
If you're a cat.
When other folks are up at table
Eating all that they are able,
You are down upon the mat,
If you're a cat.

You're expected just to sit
If you're a cat.
Not to let them know you're there
By scratching at the chair,
Or a light, respectful pat,
If you're a cat.

You are not to make a fuss
If you're a cat.
Tho' there's fish upon the plate
You're expected just to wait,
Wait politely on the mat,
If you're a cat.

The Same Book.

When grandma went to Sabbath school,
So very long ago,
She didn't look a bit like me
Or like girls I know.
Her ruffled dress, her plain, smooth hair,
Her bonnet, were so queer,
That if she went with me the class
Would stare and laugh, I fear.

But grandma says if I had gone
With her, my pretty clothes
Would have seemed queer to all her friends,
And that's true, I suppose.
But the texts and Bible stories
My teacher tells us now
\re just the same that grandma learned
In her school long ago.

That Great, Grand Day.

By Anne Porter Johnson.

I like to take the grown-up broom
And clean spick-span our dining room.
No dirt can hide behind the door
When mother lets me sweep the floor.

With rolled-up sleeves and dusting cap,
I rush downstairs tap-tap-a-tap,
Forgetting dolls and Teddy bears,
When mother lets me dust the chairs.

The sheets I fix exactly right,
And shake the pillows soft and light.
I smooth and smooth the nice, white spread
When mother lets me make the bed.

Dear me! Just think! I'm only eight,
I don't know how I'll ever wait
Until that great, grand day—oh, my!
When mother lets me bake a pie!

MERRY-GO-ROUND

Try To:

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

A Good Comrade.

I am much interested in your page and wish to add my mite. Mrs. W. G. Tomlinson, Ohio, says in a recent issue, "Be a Blade booster, pass your paper along to friends." That is just what I have been doing for two years. I served in the Civil war, going out in 1862, a young lad, in Co. I, 16th N Y. Inf. I was sent home after nearly a year's service under General Banks on the Mississippi river. Enlisted again in 189th N. Y. Inf. and served in Virginia. When Lee surrendered I was in line to receive the confederate generals.

I have passed several winters in south Florida and am acquainted and friendly with many former confederates. I have corresponded regularly with A. H. Zachry of Sarasota, Fla., and he is the friend that is getting my Blade each week, second-hand. Mr. Zachry served in the 3rd Ga. as first lieutenant and is a fine man, as good a friend to me as he could be if we had never shot at each other.

I have good times each winter while down among the Johnnies and expect to be with them again the coming winter. I enjoy the Blade, the many short articles from other pleased readers. Would enjoy reading more of Civil war veterans' letters. Both sides are now comrades to me. I especially enjoy Frank Carpenter's letters on Alaska.—E. H. Wofmore, Rushville, N. Y.

Here is a good fellowship comrade. Let us have a dozen old soldier letters for next week's Merry-Go-Round. Young and old love the old soldiers and their letters mean a great deal. Even a greeting from a veteran seems to mean a little more than from anyone else. Let us make this page the place of meeting and round-the-year reunion for the veterans of both the north and the south.—M. H.

Being Happy.

Can a person, under any circumstances, be continuously happy in this life? I would answer, if we mean can they be entirely free from care, they cannot. But in a certain sense one may be regularly happy. This is not a theory, but a fact. I will show you the record of such. It is not intended to be and it is not best for

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HOUSEHOLD and CHILDREN

Mrs. Hughes Conducts Campaign of Her Own for Husband's Candidacy

EVEN in these days of militant suffragists and feminine preparedness it is likely that there are few housewives who could hang up their kitchen apron, put away their sewing, and embark on a 20,000 mile presidential campaign tour at short notice.

If, in addition to being a typical American housewife, the particular woman chanced also to be a grandmother—with all the cares that relationship implies—well, one might be justified in saying that the task would involve insurmountable difficulties. Yet that is exactly what Mrs. Charles Evans Hughes has accomplished.

Those chroniclers of the Hughes family doings, who have said merely that Mrs. Hughes "accompanied her husband," have fallen short of giving an adequate idea of the situation For Mrs. Hughes has actually carried on a campaign of her own in the interests of the Republican presidential nominee. When she returned to New York from her husband's third campaign trip, she had traveled something like twice 10,000 miles, had been received by suffrage and non-political organizations in every city and town she visited, had grasped almost as many hands as her husband, and had escaped enough interviews to give even an unshrinkable woman a veritable nightmare.

Detests Interviews.

Just as would every housewife in the country, who feels that her husband ought to occupy the most important part in the newspapers—if he gets his just dues—Mrs. Hughes has persistently and consistently avoided the glare of publicity which the wife of every man who has been cast by fate into official life must inevitably face.

Yet in spite of the fact that—to put it mildly—she detests interviews and interviewers, Mrs. Hughes has stood in the unwelcome limelight all along the route of the Hughes special train in its various jaunts about the country, for no veteran campaigner ever played the political game with more finesse than the slender, aristocratic woman who shuns quotation marks as she would a plague, although she permits herself to be written about in the interests of her husband's career.

A National Figure Now.

Whatever of aloofness may attach to the character of Mrs. Hughes, through her refusal to share the intimate details of her private life or her views on topics of the day with the general public, will doubtless be dispelled in the minds of the rank and file of the public by the fact that she made herself practically as well known personally throughout the country as her distinguished husband. If the Republican slogans of "America and efficiency first" are carried to victory in November, America's first lady will be known throughout the homes of the country as probably

MRS. CHARLES E. HUGHES.

none of her predecessors in that high niche of diplomatic circles at the capitol have ever been—as a personality, not through the newspapers.

And how has this typical American woman appeared to the residents of Chicago and San Francisco, to the cowboys of the western plains, to the dyed-in-the-wool Democrats of the solid south, and the inhabitants of the countless towns and villages who have had no more than a fleeting three-minute glance at the prospective president and his party? They have seen that she is tall and extremely slender; and that her hair is brown, slightly tinged with gray, and that it waves over features of patrician severity, not beauty. Her skin is sallow with the smoothness of ivory and her brown eyes are almost piercing in the directness of their gaze.

If the women of America were to look toward Washington for their fashions, provided a Republican president is the next to govern from the White House, it is certain that the husbands of the nation would raise their hands to heaven to praise the simple regime of dress in vogue. Women in Mr. Hughes' audience who found their minds wandering from the subject to take notes of his wife's costume usually saw that Mrs. Hughes was gowned in a traveling suit of a neutral shade of silk with a hat of extreme simplicity. She favors display in dress no more than she favors publicity for herself.

It cannot be said that Mrs. Hughes it but just becoming familiar with public life. That is nothing new to her. But whatever of national honor may attach to the Hughes' name in the future, it is certain that she will always consider that her greatest mission lies within the four walls of her own home, although she will always regard the demands of her official life as a duty which must be met to the best of her ability.

But it will be Mr. and Mrs. Charles Evans Hughes, jr., and the tiny Hughes grandson, with the three girls of the family, Helen, Catherine and Elizabeth, not the great public which sends presidents to Washington, in which the thoughts of Antoinette Hughes will always center.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Our Motto:

All that we do
We do with our might,
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

Reads Good Books.

I have been a silent reader for a short time, but I believe I will write a letter to my friends. I am a school teacher in West Virginia, having taught one term of school. I like teaching, but as in everything else, we have our ups and downs in the teaching world. I wonder if any of the boys and girls will agree with me when I say I do not believe in reading untrue stories, though I like all good books and aim to read the Bible every day. I think we all should take time to read this most precious book.

I live on a farm about six miles from church and three miles from school. I would like to hear from some of the boys and girls on the subject of good reading, especially from those living in West Virginia.—West Virginia School Teacher.

From Orphans.

I am a close reader of the Blade and would like to exchange cards with the boys and girls. I live with my grandfather on a farm. He is 78 years old and is an old soldier drawing a pension of $25 a month. He is quite active for his age, doing lots of work. We have three cows, two calves, two mules and chickens, a dog and two cats. We go to Sunday school every Sunday in the buggy and have a very good time. Besides my brother and twin sister, another little orphan girl lives with us. We are Zona, Nona and Claude Dykes and Bertha Howard of Dykes, Ky.

Helps Harvest.

Will you make room, dear friends, for a Tennessee boy? I would like to join your bird club, as I like birds and think everyone should try to protect them instead of kill them. I enjoy reading the letters from the Blade boys and girls.

I am now living in the country and like the life very much. I have for hobbies, drawing, horseback riding and reading good books. Every year I help my father and brother harvest the crops. I have an organ, and though I can play it a little, I expect to improve by taking lessons as soon as possible. I would like to have all of you write me as I would be glad to hear from the boys and girls.—Oscar Daughtry, Leoma, Tenn., R. D. 3.

Likes Birds.

I am a farmer's daughter, living on a farm of 115 acres. I like all the birds and think it wicked for boys to kill them. My favorite flowers are roses, pansies and tulips. We live five miles from town and a half mile from the school I attend. We never have any summer vacation. My brother has a pet goat named Billy, while I have a pony called Beauty. This pony is brown and white and is very cute. I also have 25 guinea pigs, a calf whose name is Cherry and a cow.—C. K., Bellville, Ohio.

SHORT AND SWEET

Callie M. Peebles, Candler, N. C. lives 15 miles from Asheville amid lovely mountain scenery. Callie's birthday is April 9. She goes to school a mile away. There the Bible is read every morning, and Callie thinks that this should be the rule in all schools. Callie is a reader and a bird lover.

Leota L. Osborne, Linn, W. Va., has for hobbies cooking and going to school. She likes to watch the boys play ball and asks how many of the Blade boys and girls enjoy a good ball game.

Mary Lou Parcell, Sontag, Va., R. D. 2, likes the plan of the book club very much, and though she hasn't any books to exchange, she would like to have some to read. She reads all she is able to, but has never bought any.

A Few Dishes That Are Good to Eat

COLD PEACH PUDDING—Soak one-half of a package of gelatine in one-half of a cupful of cold water. Boil together for five minutes one cupful of sugar and one cupful of water. Add the softened gelatine and take from the fire. Stir until dissolved; strain and add one pint of peach pulp (made by rubbing peeled peaches through a sieve.) Stir well and set aside until the mixture begins to thicken; then stir in 10 drops of almond extract and one scant pint of thick cream whipped to a firm froth. Mix gently until well blended, then turn into a tall fluted mold which has been rinsed out with cold water. Stand on ice until firm; turn out carefully and garnish with quartered peaches.

SPAGHETTI TOMATO SAUCE—Put half a pound of spaghetti into a saucepan of boiling water. Do not break spaghetti. Boil for 30 minutes; drain and throw into cold water. Put one tablespoonful oil or butter into a saucepan, add one sliced onion, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of paprika, and one pint of strained tomatoes. When boiling add spaghetti, then add one-quarter pound grated cheese, stir until cheese is melted, and serve at once.

SPANISH OMELET—Melt one tablespoonful butter in omelet pan, add two well beaten eggs, to which quarter teaspoonful salt and dash of red pepper and two tablespoonfuls hot water have been added. Cook on cool portion of range, lifting mixture as for scrambled eggs. When creamy, brown in oven, fold and serve, garnish with Spanish sauce.

Saute two tablespoonfuls each of chopped onion, green pepper, clove of garlic, in four heaping tablespoonfuls hot butter until brown, adding one cupful tomato pulp. Season with salt, pepper, paprika and red pepper. Cook till thick.

CREAM OF PEANUT SOUP—Put one quart of milk, a little celery seed or one stalk of chopped celery, one cupful of peanut butter, one teaspoonful onion juice and a little pepper in a double boiler; stir and cook for 10 minutes. Moisten one heaping tablespoonful cornstarch in one tablespoonful cold milk with one bay leaf and one blade of mace; stir till smooth and thick. Strain through a fine sieve. Add salt to taste, reheat and serve at once with croutons.

CHEESE FONDUE—Two cupfuls breadcrumbs to one cupful cheese. Pour two cupfuls milk over breadcrumbs. Beat up yolks and whites of two eggs, separately; add yolks to breadcrumbs, with tablespoonful melted butter. Season with salt and red pepper, add whites of eggs, beaten; pour into greased dish, bake in hot oven, keeping dish covered until fondue has puffed up and is crusty on top. Brown lightly and serve at once with crackers and pickles.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

BY HELEN ROWLAND.

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EVERY man wants a woman to return his love usually before she is through with it.

"Better half:" the half that is better left at home.

A man loves a woman according to the effort it cost him to get her; a woman loves a man according to the effort it costs her to hold him.

When the woman is too wise to talk at breakfast and the man is too tired to talk at dinner it is not a sign that they are unhappy, it is merely a sign that they are quite married.

Coquette: Any woman who is so unreasonable as not to return a man's affections.

Flirt: Any woman over whom a man has insisted on making a fool of himself.

OUR Correspondents

Mrs. C. A. D., Oregon, writes: "We are in a state where round-ups are main topics. Oregon got the prize last year for Sabbath observance and I hope it will do so again this year."

E. B., Iowa, is a reader of the Blade who is interested in the Peace Page and likes the Poet's Corner exceptionally well.

H. G. M. of Tennessee, in an exponent of courtesy. He believes that we should never get too busy to be courteous. In his letter he mentions that poets and philosophers have produced many beautiful gems for those who use kind and encouraging words, but all of them seen inferior to the splendor of that sentence of Antonio to Portia and Nerissa, in The Merchant of Venice. The following quotation expresses his idea perfectly: "You do drop manna in the way of starved people."

G. B., of New York, says that he is very much interested in our paper and would not be without it.

Some reader would like to have the address of Mountain Crank. Will you send it in, Mountain Crank?

F. C. F., Fairmont, W. Va., has a collie dog that is a great friend in their home. His wife would like to see a letter from V. G. P. of Virginia.

The old poem, The Last Sigh of the Moor, is asked for by Miss Emma B. She has in her possession a mutilated copy taken from McGuffey's reader of 60 years ago. She wants another copy.

Mrs. James Rodie, aged 99, of Melrose, Mass., says eating candy has prolonged her life.

Of the 14,121,055 engaged in agriculture in Austria-Hungary, almost 4,000,000 are women.

Turn Out Girls Versed in Mechanics at This School

They are turning out girl plumbers and electricians from a school at Hollywood, Cal. Pipe wrenches, gas fittings, force pumps, fuses and switches are as familiar to girl graduates of this school as curling irons and hairpins. There was a time not far distant when murderous looking weapons that come and go with the plumbers' visits existed in the minds of most girls and women as "something the plumber goes after" which adds a little bit more to the already costly bill.

The course is known as household physics and young women taking advantage of it are in a fair way to cut the cost of ordinary plumbers' and electrician's bill for their future husbands. They are skilled in the complete plumbing problem and in the use and repair of all modern mechanical labor savers, proper installation, care, use and efficiency of gas and electric appliances about the household.

If a fuse is blown in the household of the modern girl graduate, she will probably tell you the electrical equipment carried too much "load," take you down into the basement, locate the switchboard and in much less time than it takes to tell replace the old fuse by a new one.

Not only is this new idea in household physics one that can take care of ordinary electrical and plumbing repairs, but a study of problems of efficient ventilation and heating is made. Furnace troubles are conquered, and the new order of house manager and home maker knows when she is firing her furnace for efficiency or whether the money spent by her good husband for coal is pouring out of the chimney.

The modern water heaters, gas and electric, puzzle all women and most men. These are taken apart and their secrets and inner workings explained to the feminine mind. These girls know that a certain degree of heat must come with the consumption of a given amount of gas or electric current.

Gas and electric meters will no longer be mere perpetual motion machines to women. Their daughters will be able to verify the records of the meter men, and can estimate approximately what their consumption should be.

Claude W. Sandifur, the instructor in this practical course for girls at the Hollywood school has the right idea. Women in the home should know these things as well as an engineer knows his engine. They should be taught that looking for a gas leak with a match is hardly the most approved method.

World's Tallest Women.

After taking measurements of the height of women in France, England and America, a doctor announces that the English woman is the tallest and the American comes next. The average height of the French woman is five feet one inch. The American woman is nearly two inches taller, and the women of Great Britain one-half inch taller than the latter. American women, however, weigh slightly more than either of the others, their average weight being about 117 pounds.

A Gold Substitute.

A substitute for gold is obtained by combining 94 parts of copper with six parts of antimony and adding a little magnesium carbonate to increase the weight. It is said that this alloy can be drawn, wrought and soldered very much like gold, and that it also receives and retains a golden polish. It is worth something like 25 cents a pound.

YOUNG WOMEN MAY AVOID PAIN

Need Only Trust to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, says Mrs. Kurtzweg.

Buffalo, N.Y.—"My daughter, whose picture is herewith, was much troubled with pains in her back and sides every month and they would sometimes be so bad that it would seem like acute inflammation of some organ. She read your advertisement in the newspapers and tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She praises it highly as she has been relieved of all these pains by its use. All mothers should know of this remedy, and all young girls who suffer should try it."—Mrs. MATILDA KURTZWEG, 529 High St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Young women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by this root and herb remedy.

If you know of any young woman who is sick and needs helpful advice, ask her to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Only women will receive her letter, and it will be held in strictest confidence.